

WEEKLY

JULY 9, 1956

SPORTS

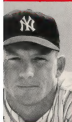
ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR



ALL-STAR GAME

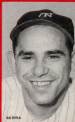
AN SI PREVIEW
OLD FACES AND NEW
HITTERS AND PITCHERS
WHY NATIONALS SHOULD WIN



MEDAL



ENDER



BERNA



FRICKS



BOYER



CHEN



ALLEN

SMART MAN STARTS NEW DAY WITH

ROBLEE.

The open-collar feeling in leather



Informed opinion! Allow us to quote what our well-informed friend knows about the shoes he's wearing: Roblee Cushion-Flex Shoes need no breaking in.

There's a reason why these shoes feel good from the first time you put them on. It's a built-in reason.

The cushioned inside and flexible outer sole are something special in the way of comfort.

Especially when they're added to the "open-collar feeling in leather" you get in every pair of Roblee Shoes you buy.

We haven't said anything about the style, have we? The picture tells you all there is to say. Our friend has chosen a Cushion-Flex in a wing-tip style. These shoes also come in straight toe and oxford styles. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

The CUSHION-FLEX
by ROBLEE

\$16.95

Other Roblee Styles \$10.95 to \$17.95
Slightly Higher Canvas Model





WHY KEEP WISHING:

"Gee, What I'd give for a shot like that!"

Not the miracle shots. Only the top players can expect to make those. But, just the regular fairway, trap and rough shots that raise a round of golf when you miss them.

These are the shots you'll make better and more often with Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNE® TOP-FLITE® clubs. Why? Because only these registered clubs are made with Spalding's exclusive SYNCHRO-DYNE club system—a scientific and exact mathematical formula of weight, coordination that makes every club fit the set swing and feel the same.

It's this uniform swing-feel that lets you use every club in the bag with better results, in-

stead of just a few favorites. You'll swing through every shot because of your TOP-FLITE swing and feel alike.

Now, Spalding TOP-FLITE aren't going to put you down in the 10th next Saturday. Only practice and improving your swing can do that. But, the identical feel of these clubs will do more to reduce your bad shots than any other clubs made today.

TOP-FLITE are better-looking, too. The looms feature a new, tough alloy steel with a high-polish glossing finish that offers lasting beauty. TOP-FLITE clubs are sold only through golf professionals.

Play Spalding clubs and balls . . . golf's most winning combination.



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS



Spalding PAR-FLITE®—first clubs at a popular price. These are top-quality clubs balanced to offer better golfing, sooner after season. PAR-FLITE, too, have the new tough-steel, high-polish finish. Your golf Pro has PAR-FLITE and other fine Spalding clubs for every golfer's pocketbook and game.



Even from the drawing board, the Porsche was never meant for mass production. It crawls through the assembly line at a snail's pace. It emerges a hand-finished classic of a car—its power plant, transmission, springing, brakes, interior, every last detail designed to give you perfection of responsiveness, performance, comfort and safety.

PORSCHE 1600 cc. COUPE, the sports car of timeless luxury **\$3700** U.S. NEW YORK

Other Porsche models from **\$3296** U.S. NEW YORK

Dealers from Coast to Coast—For name of nearest dealer write to

U.S.A. Distributor: **HOFFMAN-PORSCHE CAR CORPORATION** 662 Park Ave., New York 22

PORSCHE



TAKES GLARE RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE!

Battling heat is fun, but it's pretty rough on bare eyes in bright sunlight. Next time slip on a pair of Ray-Ban Double Gradient Density Sun Glasses. They give extra protection against both glare from water and overhead sun glare. You see

everything in sharp, clear detail, and your eyes remain relaxed all day. Write for leaflet, "Ray-Ban Sun Glass Tips For The Outdoorsman", Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 92335 Smith St., Rochester, N.Y.

R If you wear glasses, you can have Ray-Ban lens ground to your prescription. Contact your Optician, Ophthalmologist or Ophthalmologist.

ASK FOR

BAUSCH & LOMB

Ray-Ban
SUN GLASSES

The Most Distinguished Name in Sun Glasses

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Lane
PRESIDENT Roy E. Larson

Managing Editor Sidney L. James

Assistant Managing Editors Richard W. Johnson
André Laguerre
John Tibby

Associate Editors
James Snyder (Art Director), Percy Knowlton (Articles), Robert Creasman, Andrew Erickson, Gerald Holland, Martin Kass, Paul O'Neill, Fred Smith, Whitely Tamm, Herbert Warren Wind, Norton Wood, Alford Wright.

Staff Writers
Eva Brown, Robert H. Boyle, Allen Higgins, Marvin Hyman, Celia Kinsky, Elaine St. Maer, Dorothy Budd, Jeremiah Tarr, Roy Terrell, Haglund Wells, Jo Allen Zell.

Photographer
PETERLIN EDITION: Gerald Astor.
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Mark Kaufman, Richard Meek, Hy Peskin, John G. Zimmerman, Amstutz, Andy Cole, Dorothy Moss, Ben Schmitt.

Reporters
Homer Fitzgerald (Chief), Paul Ackerman, Harriet Alexander, Betty Bradin, Gwynne B. Brown, Virginia Kraft, Morton Lund, Richard Palmer, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rosen, Mary Spore, Nick Tuzanovich, Ann Weston, Lester Wolfson.

Special Contributors
Robert Byler Jr., Herman Slickman, Jimmy Jowal, Victor Korman, Bill Marshall, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, Hank Schulberg, H. Allen Smith, Horace Sutton, William F. Talbot, Jerome Winkman, Ed Kern.

Assistant to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Kennedy

Editorial Assistant
Sherry Kess, Eleanor Minnow, Morton Shuman.

Administrative Assistant
Maureen Harris

Production
Arthur L. Sawley (Chief), Beatrice Gutliik (Copy Desk), Betty De Munter, Helen Taylor.

Layout
Alfred Higgins (Chief), William Bernante, Harvey Glick, Martin Nathan.

U.S. & Foreign Bureaus
NEWSPICES: Earl Suttan
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence Laybourne, Chief of Correspondents), London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Moscow, Kiev, Guatemala City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Marcel Gutliik, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher H. M. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Halston

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air-mailed edition to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$14.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising matters to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 449 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address (import from a recent issue, or state clearly how magazine is addressed. Change request is made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. Titles Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURE, PUNCH and HUNTS & FISHES. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larson; Executive Vice President, Paul H. Larson; President, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Berman; Vice President and Secretary, D. W. French; Vice Presidents, Bernard Baran, Allen Givner, Andrew Heiskell, D. Jackson, F. Edward Kling, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Polak, Jr., P. E. Prentiss, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

HOTBOX

The Question:

How do you feel about dogs? (Asked of postmen.)

Postmaster General Arthur E. Sarnesfield has announced a campaign to reduce the "hazard of dogbites" for the nation's 125,000 letter carriers.

PETER J. LEONARD



Newport, R.I.

Dogs used to bite me until five years ago. Then something wonderful happened. A huge boxer, Brandy, owned by Lieutenant

Arthur T. Lee, a state trooper, took a liking to me. Why I'll never know. But I'm sure grateful. Brandy follows me every day on my rounds. No dog fares come near me.

LESLIE L. WARD



Columbus, Ohio

I like dogs. They never gave me trouble. That's because a veteran postman, years ago, told me to carry a canvas mailbag instead of a leather one. Seems that leather bags will antagonize some dogs. It's the smell or something. Canvas pouches won't. I tried it and it worked!

ARDE HUNTER



Miami

They say that a dog who wags his tail never bites. Don't believe it. It's annoying to walk into a sneaky dog who wags his tail and bites. If he's barking or looks vicious you can steer clear, but when he wags his tail and looks at you like a long lost friend, don't pet him.

JIM SOLAN



Miami

Dogs are a real problem. With more people moving to the suburbs, there are more and more dogs. I've been on this route for six years and have been bitten twice, both times by dogs whose owners said they did not bite. Several dogs chase me every day. Is there something wrong with me?

ANDY CAMPANARO



Rochester

If there's one thing I like, it's kids and dogs. A kid and his dog is one thing I can't resist. I always stop to talk with the kid and pet his dog. So, both kids and dogs take to me, and we get along fine. Some of our postmen are bothered a lot, but dogs don't bite me. They follow me.

RAYMOND J. CAMPBELL



Juliet, Ill.

Dogs are my best friends. They are just like human beings; if you treat them right, they'll treat you right. I always carry a few cubes of dog food and give them to dogs on my route. One Akita named Nipper follows me every day. I've only been bitten twice in 24 years as a letter carrier.

EVERETT BARNETT



Los Angeles

I like dogs and understand them. I have two of my own. Although 137 of our postmen were bitten last year, I've only been bitten twice in 21 years. Usually it's the fault of the owner who keeps his dog chained in a pen. Naturally, a dog is vicious when released from a prisonlike atmosphere.

JAMES B. PETRAY



San Antonio

I put dogs in four categories. The first is the barker, all noise. The second is the vicious dog who growls and shows his teeth. He bears watching. The third is the silent type. He doesn't growl, he just bites. The fourth is the happy dog, always playful. He is really the postman's best friend.

GEORGE S. BARNER



Parish, Cal.

Dogs are all right in their place, but that's not on a mail route. They're either too friendly or too unfriendly. It's the dog that nips everyone in sight. It burns me up when an owner supplies bandages after the damage is done. I like dogs, older ones, without teeth.

NEXT WEEK:

What drawn and brassy do you see in sports?

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



FRANCE

Make friends with
MARTELL

As much
a part of
France as
Mont
St. Michel



☆☆☆
COGNAC
184 Proof

Sole U.S. Representative
Browne Winthers Co., Inc., N. Y., N. Y.

FOUR weekends ago the American Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, began a series of weekend broadcasts inspired by SI's new techniques of sports journalism. Called *Speaking of Sports*, each broadcast—six on Saturday, four on Sunday—is, in effect, a 5-minute "Conversation Piece" surrounded by and related to the important sport news of the moment.

The idea for *Speaking of Sports* came to Howard Cosell, its producer and announcer, from careful study of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a conviction that its reporting of sports through leading personalities offered a unique and exciting inside-the-news pattern for sports broadcasts.



HOWARD COSELL

Almost more than a fair share of the excitement comes Cosell's way each week as he gathers the 10 outstanding sports figures whom he interviews. During his 40 broadcasts so far he has, for example, talked with Hal Jeffcoat after his pitch sent Don Zimmer to the hospital; with Sam Snead on the eve of the Open; with Red Schoendienst immediately after his assignment to the Giants; with Floyd Patterson and his manager, Gus D'Amato, within minutes after the cast went on the heavy-weight contender's broken right hand.

Cosell interviewed Fred Haney by telephone a half hour after his appointment as manager of the Braves. "How did you reach me so fast?" Haney said in amazement. "I only just found out myself and I'm still talking with Mr. Perini. Or I was."

Cosell's "Conversation Pieces," although transcribed, are absolutely unedited. This weekend there will be 10 more. Seven interviews depend on the weekend's sport developments. But three Cosell is counting on already: SI's Bill Talbert on Wimbledon, Branch Rickey on the astonishing Pirates and Yogi Berra on next Tuesday's All-Star Game.

Cosell and SI, as usual, have no idea what they'll say. But I'm sure, in speaking of sports, whatever they say will, like SI itself, add meaning to events that have happened and understanding to events that will come.

SPORTS



AN SI SPECIAL: ALL-STAR PREVIEW

10

Acknowledgments on page 36

Whether you are in the stadium or at your TV set, the men on SI's cover and their teammates will be the men to watch this Tuesday. Here are their vital statistics: where they play, how they play, their prospects in the annual July classic, plus a critique by Robert Creamer

All rights reserved under
 International and Pan-American
 Copyright Conventions.
 Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

OLYMPIANS ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS

6

U.S. athletes from all over fought out the Olympic track and field trials. By ROY TERRELL

SPECTACLE: ALL-STAR ATTITUDES

14

Some great and colorful moments in the season so far. Photographed by RICHARD MEEK

CONVERSATION PIECE: STAN MUSIAL

19

A great hitting technician talks to JOAN FLENN DRYSTPOOL about his life and how he got that way

THE LAMENT OF A TRUSTING WIFE

28

The mating story of a champion's rise and fall, told by Johnny Bratton's wife, JOANNE JACKSON BRATTON

THE WHITE GIANT OF THE ICY NORTH

50

In words and COLOR pictures, the excitement of a polar bear hunt. By WILLIAM A. FRISKE and ROBERT HALM

THE DEPARTMENTS

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 29

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 24

SCOREBOARD 32

COMING EVENTS 38

THE OUTDOOR WEEK 42

THE 15TH HOLE 45

PAT ON THE BACK 48

● **Hotbox:** JIMMY JOHNSON asks postmen: How do you feel about dogs? 3

● **Boating:** MORT LUND, by Onondaga's uncertain waters, surveys the Olympic Rowing Trials 38

● **Motor Sports:** STANLEY KARNOW reports on the French Grand Prix and the return of the Bagatti 37

● **Golf:** HENRY LOWMYER writes from England on how Ben Hogan swept through the Canada Cup 39

● **Tip from the Top:** GRAHAM ROSE discusses the tactics of the left-handed grip 46

● **Horse Racing:** WHITNEY TOWER visits Delaware Park and reminds us that fillies also count 42

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CINCINNATI: THERE THEY GO!

Nobody hits the ball like the Redlegs. In words and pictures, here is the story of the musclemen who found themselves

BE HAPPY, GO HEALTHY WITH BONNIE

Perched on her desk top (right) or running through her outdoor training ground, Bonnie Prudden has put fun into the fight for fitness



OLYMPIANS ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS

That boy next door who ran or jumped so well may have been one of the 250-odd who fought for supreme athletic honor. Through the white heat of competition in Los Angeles, these 53 made the U.S. team

by **ROY TERRELL**

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER of the 1956 U.S. Olympic track and field team lay sprawled on the infield grass deep inside the vast bowl of the Los Angeles Coliseum and wiped the perspiration back through his curly brown hair and grinned. And then, with all the inscrutable and profound insight that only 18 can bring, Eddie Southern explained quite simply not only why that Friday night he himself had been able to run so fast—much faster than he had ever run before—but also why the final U.S. Olympic trials were to become the most fabulous track and field meet the nation had ever seen.

"I was just a scared Texan," he said. "I was afraid I wouldn't make the team."

Eddie Southern had no intention of speaking for his half a hundred teammates selected in the white heat of competition from the 250 who got to Los Angeles the hard way. He was thinking only of the race he had just run, an amazing flight of 400-meter hurdles, more than half a second under the world record but still not quite good enough to bring him in first that night in Los Angeles. But he spoke for others, too. For a 21-year-old farmboy named Glenn Davis, who was not a scared Texan but a scared Ohioan and in his own private anxiety to make the team, had just beaten Southern and set a world record. He spoke for Charlie Dumas, the graceful young man with the green

continued on page 8



Bobby Mayne
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
 200, 220 meters



John Bennett
 GRAND FORKS, N.D.
 Broad jump



Lesmon King
 DELANO, CALIF.
 400-meter relay



Eddie Southern
 BALLAS
 400-meter hurdles



Jack Gutierrez
 DENVER, COL.
 400-meter hurdles



Albert Hall
 HOBOKEN, N.J.
 Hammer throw



George Shaw
 NEW YORK CITY
 High, shot and jump



Frank Baker
 BURLINGTON, N.H.
 100, 220 meters



Andy Stanfield
 JERSEY CITY
 200 meters



Bob Richards
 LA VERNE, CALIF.
 Pole vault



Walter Johnson
 KINGSFORD, CALIF.
 Broad jump



Harold Connolly
 BOSTON
 Hammer throw



Tom Courtney
 LIVINGSTON, N.J.
 500 meters



Ed Beckinger
 SPRINGFIELD, GEE.
 1,000 meters



Guy Bell
 TERRY HASTE, IND.
 Broad jump



Charles Jenkins
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
 500 meters



Orrin Bab
 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
 Hammer throw



Gordon McKinnis
 NEW YORK CITY
 5,000 meters



Ben Garcia
ALAMOGORDO, N.MEX.
Javelin



Morris Stone
SMETHPORT, PA.
5,000 meters



Max Truitt
WABSW, IND.
5,000, 10,000 m.



Bob Hyder
LAWRENCE, KANL.
Shotgun



Charles Burman
LOS ANGELES
High Jump



Joel Shawee
WORMAN, N.C.
117-m. high hurdles



Patsy O'Brien
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.
Shotput



Ira Worchheim
CHICAGO
500 meters



George Martos
PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.
Pole vault



Leo Rathman
GARY, IND.
115-m. high hurdles



J. W. Macdonald
OKLAHOMA CITY
5,000-meter relay



Don Sanford
NEW YORK CITY
Shotput



Paul Coleman
LANSING, ILL.
Longjump



Al Bester
NEW RYDE PARK, N.Y.
Boxing



Jack Bacci
SANDALE, CALIF.
115-m. high hurdles



Green Davis
CLINTON, OHIO
400-meter hurdles



Cy Young
MOORE, CALIF.
Javelin



Richard Egan
WINDSOR, CONN.
10,000 meters



Lou Jones
NEW BOURNELL, N.Y.
400 meters



Fostern Smithson
BRIGHTWOOD, ORE.
Boxing



Ira Davis
PHILADELPHIA
Weg, vine and jump



Jim Lee
SAN JOSE, CALIF.
500 meters



Arnie Swarth
PITTSBURGH
500 meters



Bruce Ashenfelter
GLLEN RIDGE, N.J.
Longjump



Phil Corwin
FRESNO, CALIF.
Javelin



Ted Wheeler
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
1,000 meters



Ben Drummond
SAN HUYE, CALIF.
Boxing



Charlie Jones
BOYS TOWN, NEB.
Shotput/5000



Lou Spencer
WELAND, CALIF.
100 meter



Bill Sharps
PHILADELPHIA
Weg, step and jump



Phil Harris
SONENVILLE, MASS.
High jump



Jim Graham
TULSA, OKLA.
Pole vault



Vern Wilson
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
High jump



Don Bowden
SAN JOSE, CALIF.
1,500 meters



Antonio Wynton
LOS ANGELES
1,000 meters



Jim Wiley
PONDIA, IOWA
Head coach

OLYMPIAN NEIGHBORS

continued from page 4

kanagaroo-skin track shoes and the kangaroo-like reflexes who, minutes later, was to conquer the high jumper's Everest of seven feet; Charlie Dumas, a 19-year-old leetberg from Compton Junior College who never appears rattled or disturbed in competition but, until he clinched his own place on the Olympic team, admitted he was getting a little scared, too. And Southern spoke for Bobby Marrow, the lean, brown 20-year-old with the beautiful sprinter's stride who had completely dominated the dashes all through these frantic preliminary weekends and did the same at the Coliseum, too, but was never sure, until he hit the tape, that even he might not be the victim of some fantastic and unkind—but irrevocably final—trick of fate that would send him back home to Texas, instead of to Australia in November.

RECORDS GALORE

The tremendous pressure even affected the old pros (which is only a manner of speaking, Mr. Dan Ferris). Parry O'Brien and Cy Young and Bob Richards and Fortane Gordien were barely scared, but the excitement was heavy on them, too, and—just like the youngsters—they responded.

At Melbourne, the words of Baron de Coubertin will undoubtedly ring true: "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part." At the Coliseum, however, they rang slightly hollow. If you did not win—or at least finish third—there was going to be little satisfaction. Not fall in sitting at home and remembering you had been part of the show.

Whatever the reaction on the individual—fear, determination or pride—the trials themselves developed into something even more than had been expected. A meet record was set in the first event. A world record was tied in the third, and when they finally got around to totting up the final score, the whirling split-second hands on the stop watches and the shimmering steel tape measures told a story of two rather startling days in the history of track and field: three world records broken, another tied, two American records broken and a dozen assorted American-citizen, meet and stadium marks completely obliterated.

Probably the most dramatic of all was the high jump, although for Charlie Dumas the day didn't begin auspiciously at all: he could neither find his competitor's pass nor talk his way

past a stout guardian of the stadium gate, and had to shell out \$3 for a ticket to get inside. There Charlie had fun, and as the bar mounted higher and higher he began to forget even the \$3; all year this trim college freshman had been consistently the best high jumper in the land and the rarefied atmosphere approaching seven feet in his normal habitat.

Finally it was down to five jumpers and then, after making 6 feet 5½ inches, Ernie Shelton and Bernie Allard both missed. Little Phil Reavis and tall Vern Wilson made 6 feet 9½; and then they missed, too. And there was Dumas all alone.

"Move it up to seven," he asked.

"Charlie," warned Wilson, "if you do that and make it, eight guys will equal it next week. Make it seven feet and one-half inch."

So they did, and Dumas, after missing once and reflecting his green kangaroo-skin shoes twice, sailed over the bar, leaving it shaky, but still there, at a measured height of 7 feet ½ inch.

In some ways, particularly to the track experts, Davis' race over the 400-meter hurdles was even more astounding. Here was a sophomore at Ohio State who had never ran that event before this year (although, singlehanded, he once won the Ohio State high school track championship with three first places and a fourth) and had tried it only five times previous in 1956. "Why did I pick it?" he repeated a newsmen's question, "Well, because I figured I couldn't make the

Olympic team in anything else and because I think it's a great race."

It was fortunate he had both convictions to help him last weekend. Southern, the slightly phenomenal University of Texas freshman who was running the race for only the fifth time (but who had also done pretty well in high school; two national records at 220 and 440 yards), ripped off the blocks as if he had done nothing all week but study pictures of Bobby Marrow in action and, half way around the track, was clearly five strides ahead of Davis. "I knew I was so far behind right there," said the Ohio Stater, "that I felt like giving up."

Nobody gave up, but Southern got a little tired and Davis caught him going over the 10th and last hurdle. And in the run to the tape, Davis edged ahead by a yard, then two. His time was 49.5 seconds, Southern's 49.7, and third-place Josh Culbreath, 1955 National champion now in the Marine Corps, had 50.4. Culbreath's



BAR IS OVER SEVEN FEET, AS DUMAS LEAPS



RIGHT FOOT AHEAD AS HE BEGINS HIS RACE

time was equal to the old world record set by Russia's Yuri Lityuev in 1955. "Maybe these people don't appreciate completely what those two boys just did," mused a thoughtful coach, "but Russia will. In fact, they won't believe it. And I'm not sure that I do either."

The meet's third world record went to Lou Jones, the former Manhattan College quarter-miler, now in the Army at Fort Meade, Md., and his performance, though of tremendous brilliance,

really surprised no one at all. For Jones has now run the two fastest 440-meter races of all time, and the record he broke was his own. The old one, set in the Pan-American Games last year, was 45.4. The new one is 45.3. At Mexico City, the onlookers said "impossible," and at Los Angeles they just said "impossible" again and let it go at that. Second was Jim Lea, world record holder at 440 yards who had also been second to Jones in the other big race, although then by a matter of inches. This time, although Lea ran a



THE PEEK REACHED. HE IS UP AND ACROSS

45.8 himself, the margin was a rather conclusive five yards. Jones's first 220 yards was timed, unofficially, in a starting 21.5. He believes he sprinted the first 100 yards in 9.8. And this is a race they once called the 460-meter run.

No one was at all surprised when Morrow won both dashes, and while so doing, for the second time in eight days equaled the world record of 10.2 for 100 meters and for the second time in two weeks (he didn't run the longer race in the AAU at Bakersfield) equaled the American record of 20.6 for 200 meters around a curve.

In the 100 he ran his 10.2 in a heat, looking around to be certain no one was sneaking up from behind, which was a rather modest but useful gesture considering all the factors involved. "I wasn't really trying," he grinned later. "I didn't think I was going so fast." Murchison and Baker also ran 10.2, the chunky little Army man getting away to his usual rocketing start, and the



FREE AND CLEAR HE STARTS EARTHWARD. THE FIRST STEP TO DOUBLE HIGH JUMPING: EXERT

tall Air Force man, who has been one of America's best dash men for half a dozen years, coming up with his usual blazing finish. Both admitted they were trying.

In the finals Murchison got away typically first and Baker came on typically strong at the end. But most typical of all, Morrow caught Murchison by the end of 40 meters and didn't let Baker get too close at the finish. His time was 10.3. Murchison, Baker and King finished in that order in 10.4.

The 200 meters was much the same. Morrow just outran everybody, including Baker and Stanfield who, in the opposite order, finished one-two in this event at Helsinki. And again, no one was ever close to catching this streaking young man from the Rio Grande who appears almost a cliché to become the first double sprint winner at the Olympic Games since Jesse Owens.

But while the world records were fun, to the track purist nothing could quite match the wonderful 300-meter race so carefully planned and so flawlessly executed by Tom Courtney to beat the slender miracle runner from Pittsburgh, Arnie Sowell. Except for once when Arnie was pushed off the track, it was the first time in three years of hot competition that the ex-Fordham star had been able to beat his feather-footed opponent outdoors.

Everyone knew it would be a great race and some even thought Courtney might win; he had been improving steadily all season, but then so had

Sowell. So the stage was set and the gun went off and Sowell and Courtney, in that order, blazed to the front at the first turn and the race was on.

Just a few days before, Assistant Olympic Coach Bob Glogogack of Yale had said: "Deliver me from guys who think just give me the ones who can run." But Courtney was determined to do both. He decided right away the pace was a little too fast and he dropped back, letting first Mal Whitfield, the two-time Olympic champion, go past, and then Lang Stanley and Lon Spurrier, the world 800-yard record holder, as well. But back in fifth place, Courtney remained unworried even though Sowell clipped off the first 400 meters in 51.7 seconds. "Just as long as he didn't get too far ahead, I didn't care," explained the big Army private. "I had planned to do the first 400 in 52.5 and that's about what I did."

On the harkstretch, marvelous old Mal Whitfield made his bid, trying with one cunning and desperate move to steal the race and qualify for his third Olympic Games. But although Sowell let him go, it didn't last long; Arnie moved out on the turn and began to sprint, going past Whitfield and apparently heading for another of his brilliant victories. But then here came Courtney. He began his move at the turn and, while nearly 40,000 in the stands were watching Sowell and Whitfield, he pounded his way up even with

continued on page 26

ALL-STAR GAME: A PREVIEW

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1 PM (EDT)



BASEBALL HISTORY AT GRIFFITH STADIUM

Currently famous as the setting of the musical comedy *Damn Yankees*, Griffith Stadium in Washington, D.C., has enriched four decades of baseball with many notable incidents:

- 1 In 1902 partly President Taft tossed out the first ball on Opening Day and established the practice as an annual event.
- 2 In 1902 Yankees' Bill Dickey, angered by a rough slide, hit Senators' Carl Reynolds and broke his jaw in two places.
- 3 In the 12th inning of the seventh game of the 1904 World Series, Washington's Muffy Ruel hit a pop foul. New York Catcher Hank Gowdy tripped over his mask and dropped the ball. Ruel, given another chance, doubled. Now see incident No. 11.
- 4 On Sept. 30, 1904 Babe Ruth took his last swing of the bat as a New York Yankee. He flled quietly to center.
- 5 Mickey Marzelle hit his famous 884-foot homer in April 1905.
- 6 Dizzy Dean had his toe broken by a line drive in the 1907 All-Star Game. Favoring it, Dean altered his throwing motion,

developed a sore arm and, at 26, was ruined as a pitcher. He had won 132 games previously, won only 17 thereafter.

7 In 1931 Lou Gehrig hit a homer. Lynn Lary, on second, thought the ball had been caught and trotted past third, off the field and into the dugout. When Gehrig passed third he was called out for passing a base runner and lost his home run.

8 Altrock and Schacht claimed as Senators' coaches, 1904-04.

9 In 1916 Senators' Germany Schaefer stole from second back to first. He drew a wild throw and runner on third scored.

10 1933 Series, score tied, 19th inning. Ott of the Giants hit a ball off Schaefer's glove into the seats. Umpires first called it a ground-rule double, then after protest waved Ott in to plate with home run.

11 See incident No. 3. In the same inning, with Ruel on second, McNeely hit a grounder in third that hit a pebble and bounced over Lindstrom's head to score Ruel with the winning run.

12 Alting Woodrow Wilson saw games in the early '20s from a touring car, complete with alert, fly-catching rab on bumper.

13 April 1903, Yankee Ben Chapman spiked Senator Buddy Myers, who in turn kicked Chapman. Players from both teams joined fans in a roaring riot that had to be stopped by police.



Drawing by Robert Roper

THE ALL-STAR IDEA

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE CUSTOM of picking the best from the multitude—the hundred greatest books, the 10 best movies, the Man of the Year—is probably not solely an American custom, but it certainly seems to flourish best in this country. We have serious, analytical articles on the dozen best Senators in Congress, we pick All-America football teams, we dole out jailers in prison (\$64,600 at a crack) to the best television performers. We select the Most Valuable Player, the Rookie of the Year, the Father of the Year, the Baby of the Year. Maybe the old advertising slogan is true: "It's so American to want something better." Or perhaps it should be: "It's so American to want the most."

At any rate, the idea of an all-star (whether it's a great book or Mickey Mantle) has a rich and universal appeal. There are all-stars everywhere; but for the baseball fan

the major league All-Star teams, which meet in the 23rd renewal of baseball's All-Star Game next Tuesday in Griffith Stadium in Washington, are really the ultimate, the most, the last word in superlatives.

Baseball is played by far more Americans for many more weeks in the year than any other sport and its highest level of skill is concentrated in the small group of beautifully coordinated men who play on the 16 teams in the American and National Leagues. As a general rule no athlete in any other sport in any part of the world is accorded such widespread and insistent homage as the American major league baseball player: that is, my recognized major league player. An All-Star from this highly publicized group is on the highest level of the gods, and the Pantheon of each

Text continued on page 14. Turn the page for player rosters and detailed critique of each team

NATIONAL LEAGUE

PLAYER ROSTER

Infielders

- 1B DAVE LONG** (Pirates No. 31)—30, 3rd year, 1st All-Star. Life .329. Season .316. Bats L.
- 2B JIMMY TEMPLE** (Redlegs No. 16)—36, 5th year, 1st All-Star. Life .288. Season .284. Bats R.
- 3B BOB MURKIN** (Redlegs No. 11)—36, 6th year, 1st All-Star. Life .253. Season .256. Bats R.
- SS KEN ROYER** (Cardinals No. 14)—28, 2nd year, 1st All-Star. Life .290. Season .338. Bats R.
- LF YUL KLASZARSKI** (Redlegs No. 18)—31, 10th year, 4th All-Star. .417 in 12 AB. Life .302. Season .282. Bats L.
- RF JIM GILLIAM** (Dodgers No. 19)—25, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Life .274. Season .302. Bats L-R.
- SS ERIC BASKS** (Cubs No. 14)—25, 4th year, 2nd All-Star (.890 in 2 AB). Life .285. Season .288. Bats R.
- SS ED MATHIAS** (Braves No. 41)—24, 5th year, 3rd All-Star (.060 in 5 AB). Life .277. Season .242. Bats L.

Outfielders

- LF FRANK REINHOLD** (Redlegs No. 20)—26, 1st year, 1st All-Star. Life .324. Season .324. Bats R.
- CF GUS BELL** (Redlegs No. 22)—27, 7th year, 3rd All-Star (.350 in 4 AB). Life .288. Season .291. Bats L.
- RF STAN MUSIAL** (Cardinals No. 6)—35, 15th year, 13th All-Star (.228 in 43 AB). Life .342. Season .313. Bats L.
- LF BOB REPKULI** (Cardinals No. 8)—27, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Life .283. Season .346. Bats R.
- CF DAVE ELLER** (Dodgers No. 4)—29, 10th year, 7th All-Star (.429 in 7 AB). Life .307. Season .292. Bats L.
- CF MARY MAYS** (Giants No. 34)—28, 9th year, 2nd All-Star (.600 in 1 AB). Life .307. Season .291. Bats R.
- RF MARK AARON** (Braves No. 44)—22, 3rd year, 2nd All-Star (2.000 in 2 AB). Life .300. Season .306. Bats R.

Catchers

- ED BAILEY** (Redlegs No. 6)—25, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Life .263. Season .245. Bats L.
- BOB CAMPANELLA** (Dodgers No. 39)—34, 9th year, 7th All-Star (1.100 in 20 AB). Life .282. Season .215. Bats R.
- BOB CRANDALL** (Braves No. 1)—26, 6th year, 3rd All-Star (.500 in 1 AB). Life .247. Season .268. Bats R.

Pitchers

- Johnny Antonelli** (Giants No. 43)—25, 7th year, 2nd All-Star (18.90 ERA in 2 IP). Life 89-92. Season 7-7. Throws L.
- Bob Friend** (Pirates No. 19)—36, 6th year, 1st All-Star. Life 55-45. Season 11-4. Throws R.
- Clayton Kershaw** (Dodgers No. 41)—29, 7th year, 1st All-Star. Life 51-25. Season 3-4. Throws R.
- Brooks Lawrence** (Redlegs No. 46)—31, 3rd year, 1st All-Star. Life 25-14. Season 19-0. Throws R.
- Joe Nathan** (Redlegs No. 38)—27, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (6.00 ERA in 51 IP). Life 44-39. Season 6-7. Throws L.
- Bobo Roberts** (Pirates No. 31)—29, 9th year, 7th All-Star (5.68 ERA in 14 IP). Life 48-111. Season 9-9. Throws R.
- Warren Spahn** (Braves No. 21)—35, 10th year, 8th All-Star (1.80 ERA in 6 IP). Life 189-139. Season 6-4. Throws L.

Shortstop

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE at the start of the game will have, among others on its bench, substitutes players named Basko, Campanella, Mathias, Spider, Aaron, Klaszarski and Mays. What may turn out to be Walter Alton's most pressing problem could be the proper application of such overwhelmingly capable reserves. This is not said facetiously. On paper the National League has a big advantage in hitting and fielding, but that advantage is gained

CREAMER'S CRITIQUE

First-line infield is brilliant fielding quartet. Long's homer hitting has obscured the fact that he is an adroit, graceful, resourceful first baseman. Skinny little Temple is an able partner of skinny little Murrin, who regularly makes more spectacular plays than any other shortstop you'd ever likely to see. Temple is also a crafty lead-off man—always on base when you need him there. Royer makes an occasional mental lapse at third but has the reflexes, range and great arm of a shortstop. It will be hard to shoot ground singles past these four. The reserves lose a little fielding but, except for Mathias who is below par this year, they are better with the bat. Gilliam, a surprising but eminently fair All-Star choice, is one of those topflight players who labor in obscurity. Basko, of course, is a manager's dream: a fine fielder and a dangerous power hitter. Big Kiz began slowly, but his heavy-armed swing frightens more and more pitchers each week. The edge is definitely the National League's. ✓

Reinholt, 26, is one of youngest ever to play in All-Star Game. Long and relatively lean, he has exceptional power at bat; he's also a fine fielder with a strong arm that has recovered completely after going absolutely dead last year. Bell is almost an extraordinary fielder as far-famed Piersall, Mays and Eider, but not many people outside Cincinnati know about it. He's a strong long-ball hitter and fast on the bases. Musial is Musial: one of the very best players in the history of the game. At 35 he's slowed up a little in the outfield and is better off at first base. Of the reserves, Repkuli is just a fair hitter and an ordinary fielder, but the other three—Spider, Mays and Aaron—are Hall of Fame material: great fielders, great hitters. They give The edge to the National. ✓

Bailey, big, strong and tough, is a fine-fielding catcher with an accurate arm who hits for distance and runs with speed. He's good. Campanella, who has slumped after such of his three MVP seasons, is having a bad time this year, but he's still a very nice catcher, indeed, to have in reserve. Crandall, a good catcher, is a long-ball hitter.

Friend, Nushall and Labine have the glittering pitches that could work well enough for three innings to set any team, even one with Mantle, on its ear. Friend has a slicing fast ball, Labine an amazing sinking curve and Nushall a nicely controlled fast ball. Spahn, oldest pitcher on the squad, has had some brilliant moments in recent weeks and might just show the other league something he has saved from his younger brilliance. Roberts, year in and year out the best pitcher in the National League, is a testament to the fact that in baseball, at any rate, consistency is a jewel: he's better week in and week out over the season than in any selected three-inning stint. Antonelli is a hardcase left-hander with the proper fast ball, curve and changeup, but players say he tends to telegraph the change. Lawrence, strong, steady and a hard worker, doesn't seem to be a good bet to rise to three-inning brilliance.

By comparing all the infielders and all the outfielders and not just those starting. If the advantage stays on the bench or is otherwise muted, Alton will be lucky to win. But he has shown with the Dodgers an ability to make efficient use of a multiplicity of players. Because of this and because of its basic superiority in both hitting and fielding, the National League, winner of five of the last six All-Star Games, has The edge again. ✓

AMERICAN LEAGUE

PLAYER ROSTER

Infielders

- OF MICKEY VERNON** (Red Sox No. 6)—35, 16th year, 6th All-Star (1991 in 13 AB). Life 387, Season 319, Bats L.
- OF HILSON FOX** (White Sox No. 21)—28, 10th year, 6th All-Star (1933 in 4 AB). Life 292, Season 266, Bats L.
- SS HARVEY KATZ** (Tigers No. 7)—26, 6th year, 4th All-Star (1950 in 4 AB). Life 311, Season 348, Bats R.
- OF GEORGE HELL** (Orioles No. 15)—33, 14th year, 8th All-Star (1976 in 17 AB). Life 308, Season 295, Bats R.
- IF BOB POWER** (Athletics No. 7)—34, 3rd year, 2nd All-Star (1990 in 1 AB). Life 292, Season 299, Bats R.
- 2B Ray Stevens** (Senators No. 21)—29, 8th year, 1st All-Star, Life 291, Season 343, Bats R.
- 2B Ray Martin** (Yankees No. 1)—58, 6th year, 1st All-Star, Life 292, Season 255, Bats R.
- IF BOB McDONALD** (Yankees No. 18)—28, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (1990 in 1 AB). Life 280, Season 292, Bats R.
- 2B Ray Stevens** (Tigers No. 8)—32, 9th year, 2nd All-Star (1990 in 4 AB). Life 278, Season 258, Bats R.

Outfielders

- LF TED WILLIAMS** (Red Sox No. 9)—37, 13th year, 12th All-Star (1975 in 32 AB). Life 348, Season 387, Bats L.
- CF MICKIE MANTLE** (Yankees No. 7)—24, 6th year, 5th All-Star (1933 in 13 AB). Life 398, Season 379, Bats L-R.
- RF AL KALINE** (Tigers No. 6)—31, 4th year, 2nd All-Star (1960 in 4 AB). Life 362, Season 271, Bats R.
- LF Charley Maxwell** (Tigers No. 4)—29, 6th year, 1st All-Star, Life 275, Season 362, Bats L.
- CF Sam Rice** (Red Sox No. 37)—26, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (1990 in 0 AB). Life 286, Season 290, Bats R.
- RF Percy Simpson** (Athletics No. 28)—30, 5th year, 1st All-Star, Life 268, Season 306, Bats L.

Catchers

- YOSHI KUBOTA** (Yankees No. 8)—31, 11th year, 9th All-Star (1960 in 25 AB). Life 233, Season 289, Bats L.
- Sham Lohar** (White Sox No. 10)—31, 10th year, 4th All-Star (1990 in 0 AB). Life 282, Season 310, Bats R.

Pitchers

- Tom Seaver** (Red Sox No. 23)—24, 3rd year, 1st All-Star, Life 31-33, Season 10-3, Throws R.
- Wesley Ford** (Yankees No. 16)—23, 5th year, 3rd All-Star (1979 ERA in 4 2/3 IP). Life 70-25, Season 3-4, Throws L.
- Johnny Mauer** (Yankees No. 31)—22, 2nd year, 1st All-Star, Life 18-11, Season 16-4, Throws R.
- Ray Narasaki** (Indians No. 26)—27, 3rd year, 1st All-Star, Life 14-6, Season 2-3, Throws R.
- Bob Fosse** (White Sox No. 19)—29, 19th year, 3rd All-Star (1960 ERA in 6 IP). Life 106-81, Season 12-2, Throws L.
- Frank Sullivan** (Red Sox No. 18)—25, 4th year, 2nd All-Star (1976 ERA in 3 1/3 IP). Life 41-29, Season 7-3, Throws R.
- Sam Wilson** (White Sox No. 30)—34, 16th year, 3rd All-Star (1960 ERA in 6 IP). Life 52-62, Season 16-4, Throws R.
- Earle Wayne** (Indians No. 24)—35, 17th year, 3rd All-Star (1960 ERA in 3 IP). Life 299-145, Season 3-4, Throws R.

Staff Up

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE team is not too badly constructed for a manager like Stengel, who likes to maneuver his lineup according to the current offensive and defensive strength of his opponents. If the Nationals start a right-handed pitcher, Casey can set up a batting order that starts off with five straight left-handed batters, including Williams, Mantle and Berra. If left-handed pitchers come in, Switch-hitter Mantle will trot over to the other side

CREAMER'S CRITIQUE

The starting quartet has one long salt, experience, and it may need all that experience to make up for shortages in speed and fielding, particularly on the left side. Off-injured George Kell plays a courageous game at third, but he does it mostly from memory. Like Kell, Kazma is on the team because of his batting average. He's a good enough fielder, but certainly not a great one, and, while he hits for a good percentage, he lacks real power. Small, tobacco-chewing Fox is a most useful player—a smart, scrapping second baseman and an annoying kisser who makes great use of the bunt and who scores a lot of runs. Vernon, at 35 the oldest player on either squad, is a steady hitter and a pretty fielder, and it's probable that Power and Stevens will be utilized only as pinch-hitters. Seane, a specialist at driving in runs, may take over for Kell in mid-game. Martin, alert and game-winning, and McDougald, a highly competent but underpublished player, give Stengel room to maneuver, since either can play second, third or short.

Williams, Mantle and Kaline form a starting outfield of heroic proportions. Williams, an always, is a slow and erratic fielder. But with Mantle and Kaline in the outfield with him Ted could play on the foul line and not hurt the team, and when the sheer perfection of his batting style unfolds at the plate, who would really have Charley Maxwell in his place? Mantle, of course, is the current All-Star of All-Stars, the player everybody wants to see, an immense performer. Kaline, last year's batting champion, has been relatively quiet this spring, but he is still an exceptionally good outfielder and a very strong hit. The reserves are drab compared to the National's. Maxwell and Simpson have hit well, but their fielding worries. Fawell is a breathtaking fielder but a humdrum hitter.

Berra's bat looks 10 feet long, and as he waits for the pitch he swings it stiffly back and forth like a man about to chop wood. He chops. This squat, awkward-looking man is a dangerous, clutch-hitting batter, an agile catcher and a fast base runner. Along with the capable Lohar he gives his league The edge is catching.

This is a staff of such depth and skill that Stengel could conceivably use a pinch-hitter every time a pitcher was scheduled to bat and still not lose a bit in quality and performance on the mound. Pierce and Ford are two strong little lefties with excellent curves, surprising speed, good control and fine pitching sense. Either could be used to advantage, or both, swapped around such as Seaver, who has more stuff on his pitches than batters think pitchers should have. Or tough, 34-year-old Wynn, who throws hot balls and curves like a knife thrower, always aiming at spots around the target. He could use towering (6'7") Sullivan, with his well-tempered slider, or the youthful Kucks or the veteran Wilson, who have pitched with such surprising brilliance this spring. Behind them all he has Narasaki for an inning or two of fast-bulldozing relief. Any way he looks at it, Casey's staff has The edge.

of the plate, and right-handed batters Martin and Stevens could go in for the left-handed Fox and Vernon. When the right-handers return, Stengel could pinch-hit with Simpson and Maxwell, left-handed batters both, and use McDougald and Power as late-inning defensive reserves. All such maneuvers, however, will go for naught if the American League's highly rated pitchers can't cope with the National League's awe-inspiring array of power hitters.

continued from page 11

league as constructed each July is heaves, the desired perfection dreamed of by the baseball follower.

Now there will be the usual demurrer from the basketball crowd, who will cite figures based on high school basketball crowds to prove that basketball is infinitely more popular than baseball, ignoring the obvious argument that there are a good many more high school basketball teams for people to watch than there are major league ball teams. And, while such could exist, so one has ever heard of a Cold Storage League in basketball, whereas baseball is a topic of feverish interest all winter through just as it is in summer.

There will also be protests from the football block, insisting that the All-America team is a more ancient and honorable form of all-star selection than anything drummed up by baseball. But, unhappily, there is no one All-America football team. And even the most devout disciple of the pigskin sport will agree (sometimes bitterly) that a winning team and good publicity can create as many All-America nominees as can sheer skill. Further, since there are about 150 major college football teams, each with something more than 11 first-string players, the chances of bringing together just the very best of that 2,366-man mob are very slim.

But next Tuesday on your television and radio sets (Mel Allen and Al Helfer will do the NBC telecast, Bob Neal and Bob Wolff the Mutual broadcast) and, of course, in Griffith Stadium there will be the best, the very, very best, of the few who have already proved their exceptional baseball skills in major league competition.

There are inequities, of course; a few of those chosen are perhaps not quite so deserving as a few of those passed by. But the instances are few and not grievous. The two teams, practically speaking, comprise the best baseball players in the world. More than that, they will test their exceptional abilities in actual competition with their peers. To the baseball fan, then, this is the one, true, valid, blood-and-breath all-star game anywhere in sport, and for the baseball fan it's pretty wonderful.

Of course, the All-Star Game has been mocked and criticized annually by knowing critics of baseball ever since its inception during the Depression. It's been called a sideshow, a meaningless exhibition, an onerous chore for the player, a headache for

the owners, an albatross hung around the unwilling neck of baseball. In some ways, it is all of these things; but in most ways, no.

The most persistent accusation hurled at the All-Star Game is that it is a newspaper promotional stunt, which in the beginning it most certainly was. Arch Ward, the late sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, was the promoter who created the game and named it, through its tender years. He did it partly to help promote his own newspaper, which handled and publicized the voting for the teams. But he did it, too, to promote baseball, which was an unhealthy back in 1933 as any other business in that Depression year. It was, mostly because of the fan vote, a wise promotional device.

THE FAN'S GAME

It is an accepted baseball maxim that "the game belongs to the fans." The phrase "belongs to the fans" is spoken as though a hand were held over the breast; it is couched in solemn tones. The executive mouthing the phrase sounds like a trustee of an estate bequeathed to a deserving but legally incompetent heir. Actually, though, the executive knows that the dollar in the fan's pocket is the blood that keeps baseball (and sometimes the executive) alive, and he is most considerate of his customer's feelings. This is sound business thinking, even if it is occasionally expressed paternalistically.

It has always been considered good business, so far as the All-Star Game was concerned, to strengthen the idea that the game (here used specifically, rather than generally) belongs to the fans by assigning to the public the voting franchise that selects the players

who will appear in the All-Star Game. The Chicago Tribune at that time loved the idea. It was like a contest. People sending in votes for the baseball All-Stars would flock to the newsstands to buy the Trib and read the returns as they flowed in. Hundreds of thousands and even millions of votes mounted up next to the name of this favorite or that one, as radio stations and newspapers in other cities sent their returns to the Tribune for calculation. No one ever really stopped to figure out mathematically how one small staff could make such an accurate count of millions of votes in such a short time. But no one really worried about it because the players who came out on top in the voting were usually just about the same group that any sound baseball man might have selected.

Sometimes, though, the voting did go awry, and a weak player was chosen or a great one ignored. When that happened, the critics—usually from papers unsympathetic to the Tribune to begin with—were harsh, biting and sarcastic. The fan vote was dropped, and the 16 big league managers voted in the fans' stead. But the managers' teams turned out to be no better and in some instances even worse than those arrived at by the hapazard public voting system. Back to Arch Ward, the Chicago Tribune and the fans went the vote.

But last July Ward died, and this year, rather late in the course of the baseball year, the Tribune abruptly announced it would no longer handle the voting and unceremoniously dumped it into the lap of Ford C. Frick, commissioner of baseball.

It was a real lupal, a fantastically difficult situation to cope with at such

continued on page 14

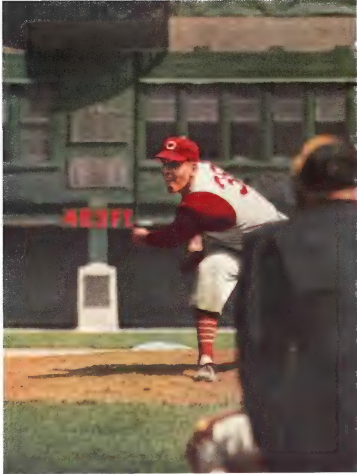
SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

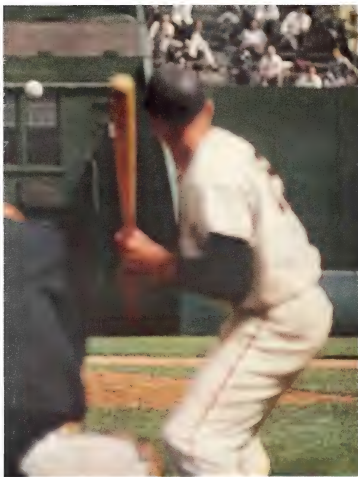
ALL-STAR ATTITUDES

In theory, the All-Star Game should provide the season's closest approach to perfect baseball. Yet baseball perfection can only be the sum total of many great visual moments scattered through spring, summer and fall. One of these glimpses of perfection is provided by Don Blasingame of the Cards (opposite page) acting the flawless infolder as he starts a double play that has Whitey Lockman, then a Giant, out at second. On the pages following, Joe Nuxhall of Cincinnati and Willie Mays of the Giants present tableaux that dramatize, respectively, the pitcher at delivery, the base runner in leaping flight to avoid the ball and interfere with the shortstop's chances to make the play.

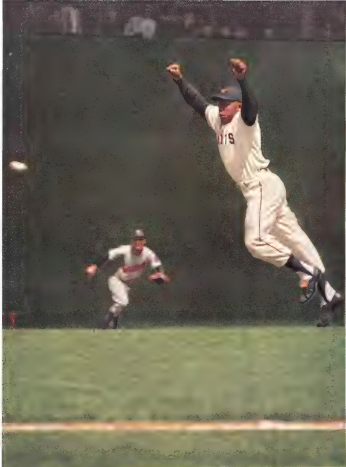




HUGE OLD-FASHIONED CLUBHOUSE IN DEEPEST CENTER FIELD OF NEW YORK'S POLO



GROUNDS FORMS BACKGROUND FOR HIGH CURVE THROWN BY REDLEGS' JOE NUXHALL



BASE RUNNER WILLIE MAYS, HURTLING TOWARD THIRD, FLINGS HIS ARMS HIGH IN VIOLENT EFFORT TO AVOID BEING HIT BY BATTED BALL

SUBJECT: STAN MUSIAL

"I've things I want to do," says Stan the Man. "There's always a challenge"

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPPOOL

I THINK they overemphasize age in athletics," Stan Musial said, "and I'm not saying that because I'm upward of 35. A lot has to do with a man's makeup, his physical condition and reflexes. Some players see through at 35, but that's because they don't keep themselves in good condition. A man starts looking old when he picks up 15, 20 pounds through the years. I'm six feet tall and weigh 180, five pounds more than when I started. I'm a great believer in conditioning. I've always taken good care of myself and watched my weight and diet."

A few days before, Cardinal Manager Fred Hutchinson had moved his star from right field to first base, explaining: "Musial doesn't cover the ground that he used to. He doesn't get the ball to the infield as quickly. I thought he would be much better off at first base because we do need a first baseman, and he was considered one of the best when he played it. This is no discredit to him. Who doesn't slow up? Stan's played 600-some games consecutively, and you can't tell me that doesn't take its toll on a guy who's played 15 years and given it as much as he has. It's got to wear him down."

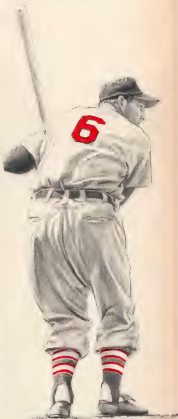
To Musial, the shift is a challenge. "I like first base. I get a kick out of it," he said on a rainy afternoon in New York while he waited for the skies to clear before a night game with the Dodgers. "It's always a challenge with me when you're doing something different from playing the outfield, which I've been accustomed to playing all these years."

Hank Sauer, Musial's new roommate, nodded in agreement. His presence reflected another drastic change in the life of Stanley Frank Musial, which up until those hectic happenings had proceeded at a fine, evenly spectacular pace. Ten of his 15 seasons with the Cards he had roomed with the slow-talking but fast-moving Albert (Red) Schoendienst, until Trader Frank Lane abruptly shuffled the freckle-faced second baseman to the Giants.

"It's part of our business to be traded, and when you're in baseball, you have to take these things in your stride," was Musial's only comment on the trade. "When they told me Red was leaving, they asked me who I wanted as a roommate. I told them Hank. He and Red and I have palled around together since spring training."

"First I knew about it," Hank Sauer put in, "was at batting practice in St. Louis. The trade had been

continued on page 55



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

BASEBALLS AND BANDWAGONS • OUR SUDSLESS OLYMPIC TRIALS •
THE GREATEST FEELING • GOLF AND ETIQUETTE • PATTERSON'S
MENDING METACAMPAL • STREET GAMES • THE HELPFUL PARTNER

POLITATHLON (CONT.)

ARVELL HARRISMAN of New York turned up at the governors' conference at Atlantic City the other day. Unlike some of his fellow scoundrels in the Democratic polliatlon, Governor Harriman has been a relatively slow starter, e.g., he has no primary victories to flaunt since he has entered no primaries. But he did his best to assess the mood of the assembled governors and thereupon expressed his pitch in metaphor: "There are a lot of ball games being won in the ninth inning this year."

Then he passed around to each of his fellow governors three spanking new baseballs freshly autographed by 1) the New York Yankees, 2) the Brooklyn Dodgers and 3) the New York Giants.

CAMERA IN THE CAFETERIA

SINCE TV's coverage of sport all too often swamps the viewer in a wash of garrulity and suds, it is a pleasure to salute the all-but-faultless performance turned in by NBC and its reporters during two solid hours last Saturday as some of America's finest track and field athletes ran, jumped, and spun the docus at Los Angeles.

Occasionally, the camera had too much to watch at once—and went on a flitting tour, like the eye of a man who stands before the dessert racks in a cafeteria, unable to choose firmly between cherry pie and shoecake. The hop, step and jump boys were clearly too remarkable to miss but, the camera seemed to think, too implausible for attentive study; so they made their screen appearances (and disappearances) with the impromptu of interloping kangaroos. But such moments

of indecision were rare, and, as anyone who has ever attended one knows full well, a track meet is a little like the dessert rack in a cafeteria anyhow.

NBC's cameras usefully caught and held and etched in the memory of millions the fine drama of Tom Courtney's great victory over Arnie Sewell, the muscular blaze of Bobby Morrow and Lou Jones, the splash and courage of the steeplechasers and the rest.

The televiewer of a track meet still lacks one thing the grandstand watcher does not wish to be without: a program in his fat that gives him the names, the numbers, and a sense of preview. (We hope you had your copy of last week's SI handy). But what television can do well was well done last Saturday. And for those who watched on their color sets, the afternoon must have helped justify the investment.

GUNNERY EXPLOIT

IN THE Olympic crew trials, four schoolboys (high school) came within two feet of catching a Navy crew manned by Annapolis graduates seven years older. The boys were entered in the four-oared-shell-with-coxswain event. The Gunnery (never properly referred to as the Gunnery School) is an ancient institution of high repute, so small that the absence of eight students in an eight-oared shell would seriously deplete the student body.

Seiden, The Gunnery doesn't own an eight-oared shell that could be counted on to stay afloat. Not a military school, despite its name (it was known as Mr. Gunn's School a century ago), The Gunnery stands in the hills above Washington, Conn., some seven miles from Lake Waramaug, the most

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• **Clain Jumper**

Archie Moore and Manager Charlie Johnston signed to meet Canada's James J. Parker in Toronto July 12, to decide (says Johnston) the "world heavyweight championship," set the stage for Archie to claim the champion's share of the purse in his September bout with Floyd Patterson.

• **Flaming Cincinnati**

Baseball fans in Cincinnati, bawling with pennant fever for the first time in almost a decade, cast two and three ballots each to place five Redlegs on the National League All-Star team, indirectly set in motion half a dozen plans for amending the schedule process next year.

• **Vote of Confidence**

Kansas City Manager Lou Boudreau, whose unorthodox defense tactics (Mantle shift, Williams shift) have not kept his Athletics out of last place, received a vote of confidence from Club President Arnold Johnson, had his manager's contract extended for two years through the 1968 season.

• **Time to Retire?**

Nashua, certified horse in history (\$1,251,200), and winningest (\$1,102,968), staggered under 120 pounds in the Carter Handicap at Belmont, finished a miserable seventh in a field of 14, caused experts to wag knowingly and mutter: "Nashua has had it."

glacid body of water in the area. Eight years ago its athletic director, Red Beebe Jr. of Yale, was harassed by an influx of manpower when the enrollment increased by 80 students (to 120) for whom there wasn't enough room on the playing fields and tennis courts. He acquired (by gift) a 30-year-old, eight-oared shell and a second-hand launch, and such time as was not spent patching the shell and trying to start the launch was devoted to live practice on Waramaug's icy waters. The boys did so well they were given a Peacock four-oared shell. They place a wee garter on the nose, and in their own regional competition, this year and last, won the New England interscholastic championship.

The Gummery four averages 17 years 3 months, weighs an average 173 and stands a galling 6 foot 11. Providing the most exciting small-boat finish in the trials, they came on fast in the closing strokes of the first heat race without knowing how well they were doing. Their eyes were fixed on the favorite, the Detroit Boat Club shell, 14 seconds behind them. "When we found we had nearly taken Navy," said Coxswain Dean Matthews, "it was the greatest feeling in the world."

They celebrated that night by taking in the Ringling Brothers Circus at the nearby New York State Fairgrounds, broke training to the extent of one ice cream cone apiece, and left the tent at 9, with many a backward look at the three rings going full blast. In the semifinals they finished a creditable fourth. "If they just had the Olympics every year," said Stroke Norman Hines, "we would be in there next year for sure."

GOLFING MANNERS

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, Frank Langsdorf, 53, assistant recreation director of Milwaukee County in Wisconsin, has had the idea that something ought to be done to improve the manners of youngsters on the golf course. The first reaction of the county park commission was that Mr. Langsdorf was invading the territory of the club professionals and had better lay off.

But Mr. Langsdorf kept hammering away at the commission, pointed out that his idea eventually would benefit the golf pros by stimulating new interest in the game. Then he listed some of the breaches of etiquette by youngsters: 1) they failed to wave a following founounce through while hunting a lost ball in the rough; 2) they corrugated the cup lip with the pin when

they reached the green; 3) they drove from the tee while others were still in range; 4) they dropped their bags in front of the green, then walked back toward approaching players after they had holed out; 5) they failed to smooth out footprints in sand traps; 6) they made too much noise.

The county commissioners finally backed down, gave Mr. Langsdorf permission to try out his idea this summer. Without a single protest from the pros, Mr. Langsdorf promptly announced that an eight-week course would be



given at five county-operated golf courses and eight playgrounds, instruction to be by Kenneth J. Grover, 33, a husky high school football and golf coach. Tuition for the entire course was pegged at \$54, for which pupils also receive a 35¢ plastic practice ball.

For the first lesson, 525 youngsters, a quarter of them girls, turned out. Mr. Grover swiftly traced the history of golf from the ancient shepherds down to Cary Middlecoff, then took up golfing manners. "You wouldn't pick up your soup bowl at home and slurp out of it," he said, "and there are certain things you're not supposed to do on the golf course. Generally speaking, do unto others as you'd have them do unto you. That's etiquette."

According to Grover, in addition to the talks on history and etiquette, the full course will include sessions on safety, the golfing vocabulary and then the instruction in fundamentals. Mr. Grover expects that he may profit considerably from the course himself. As of now, he is shooting well up in the 90s.

PROGRESS REPORT

FLLOYD PATTERSON is a happy fighting man again. His doctor has told him that he will be able to meet Archie Moore for the heavyweight title in September, almost for sure.

Patterson's right hand, believed broken in the sixth round of his fight with Hurricane Jackson—although there are now indications that he suffered a hairline fracture in a sparring session before the match—is mending famously. He probably will be able to patch with it in two weeks. The orthopedic surgeon has decided there is no need to operate and reset the bone. "If this were a break in a show girl's ankle or a nose job," the surgeon says, "I would

recommend an operation. But here it is unnecessary. Floyd's hand won't be a thing of beauty, mind you. There will be a slight bump where the calcium forms about the break, but otherwise it will be as good as new."

Floyd's tactical advisers have a more complicated problem. Should he really be sent out to meet caggy old (but not too old) Archie Moore as early as September? Why not wait until Floyd is more mature and experienced? Patterson's management might prefer to wait—except that if Patterson does not fight Moore in September he may not get the opportunity for a long, long time. Archie's manager is Charley Johnston, an calculating a manager as ever whispered in a corner, and Jack (Doc) Kearns, another loving strategist, long ago moved onto the board of directors with a reported 10% interest. If Patterson doesn't step up in September, he will almost certainly see Moore take the heavyweight title by default. Then Archie & Co. could very well decide to play ring-around-a-rosy with Floyd while fighting lesser challenges for what's left of Archie's old sweet time.

Ready or not, it appears Floyd must fight in September.

AND A ZING ZING ZING

*Polliconus, policeman, do your duty,
Here comes Dime, the American beauty.*

THE SERIE poetry that small girls chant (or compose) as they skip rope and the strange rhythmical games involving hand clapping or bouncing balls that children improvise on city streets have been recorded by an imaginative sound engineer named Tony Schwartz, in what the *New York Times* the other day called the most original piece of work ever put on records. It probably is. Schwartz describes himself as a "sound hunter"; for the past 14 years he has been carrying his tape recorder around Manhattan, capturing the assorted groans, rumbles and shrieks of the city, and in the midst of its ceaseless clamor the quaint humor and liveliness of the children playing games of their own invention provide a counterpoint that is often astonishingly beautiful.

Most of the sounds of New York that Schwartz has collected suggest a sound track for some ancient Greek myth: the awful bellow of the West Side subway as it emerges above ground at 128th Street or the mournful complaint of the *Queens Mary* leaving Pier

continued on page 24



"They say this is a pretty nice place to live when the summer people leave."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 21

90. Once Schwartz was passing a yard between two tenements when he heard a strange, repeated call: "One, two, three and a zing zing zing." Investigating, he found a group of Negro children between the ages of 8 and 12 sitting in a circle, clapping their hands in unison to the words of the leader in a complicated ring game, a player being eliminated if he broke the fast rhythm of the hand claps. The obscure melodrama of the game revolved around a legendary character named Jacqueline. Whenever a player made a mistake or did not think fast enough, everyone shouted, "Jacqueline!" and he was out. No one knows who the unfortunate Jacqueline was, or how she demonstrated her historic slow-wittedness, but the name fits the syncretized rhythm of the game, which goes like this:

Leader: One, two, three and a zing zing zing. No. 1.

No. 1: Obviously! Who, me?

Leader (Barrelly): Yes, you.

No. 2 (troubled): Couldn't be.

Leader: Then who?

No. 1: No. 2.

No. 2: Who, me?

Leader (angry): Yes, you.

No. 2: Not me.

Leader: Then who?

No. 2: Number—

All: Jacqueline! You out! You too slow!

Schwartz made *One, Two, Three and a Zing Zing Zing for Folklways Records* four years ago, but it was picked up first by teachers and playground instructors and is used in teachers' courses at Bucknell, Teachers College at Columbia, New York University and other colleges. The reason why it has come into public attention now is that his newest effort, *The Story of New York*, was chosen to represent the U.S. in an international radio festival, calling attention to all his savoredropping on the city. About half the material in his children's record is familiar ("I asked my mother for \$60, To see the elephant jump the fence") but the remainder is often electrifying: a combination of homemade Mother Goose rhymes and wild jungle rhythms, with Negro and Puerto Rican children beating on homemade drums, wooden benches and metal wastepaper baskets. The cryptic sentiments expressed in children's ball-bouncing games ("Once an apple met an apple, Said the apple to the apple"), and the curious, Emily Dickinsonlike broken rhymes of the

girls' rope-clipping games ("I never went to college, I never went to school") give them a haunting, condensed air.

In gathering his material, Schwartz first made a few records of very elementary children's games. He took these to playgrounds and vacant lots and let the children take them home if they had phonographs. The following week he returned and recorded the games they knew, then with his enlarged collection went on to the next juvenile assembly ground. "There's a good deal of sound hunting in Europe," says Schwartz, whose interest grew out of his work for the Navy during the war. "In fact, there's an organization called the European Sound Hunters Association. But most American sound hunters are after specific sounds, like Professor Kellogg of Cornell, who records bird songs. I go after sound like a sportsman after game. It's a great sport, and anybody with a tape recorder can follow it. Just walk around the city and listen."

THE INCOMPLETE GOLFER

IN ADDITION to the backswing cougher, the silent caddy and the terrible-tempered partner who has bet too much on the match, there is one other fairway menace whose presence assures you will never learn the blasted game. This is the helpful partner, the man whose business it is to keep you cheerful through the most harrowing disasters which can befall a man with a golf club in his hand. His techniques are transparent, his motives clouded, but the net result is you never learn

anything, least of all how bad your game really is.

For instance, your drive is a piddling roller which never gets in the air and looks more like a double-play ball than a tee shot. "That'll run all day," chirps our savior.

Your next shot is a horror which goes chattering into the woods on the right and out of sight. "You just quit on it a little," soothes friend partner, mentally congratulating himself for stepping out of the way before you quit. Your approach shot is a another hook which runs erratically diagonally away from the green and into the deep rough. "If you'd kept your eye on it, that would have been a perfect shot," marvels our undisturbed pal.

On the putting green, you get a last-minute seizure and the ball squirts away at right angles to the hole but, because it's so far off line, manages to stop hole high on the other side of the green. "Your distance was perfect," enthuses your tormentor. "Burlie says distance is more important than accuracy in putting."

Your next putt is a spars-evident stab which roars past the hole on the left side, missing by inches, but going so fast it would have bopped the hole like a freight going over a trestle anyway. It comes to rest back out on the fairway. "Perfect line!" shouts your friend. "You just pulled it a little."

Then there's the sand-trap shot where you plaster the ball, as well as the sand, and it arcs out in a shower of silica over the green and into the trap on the other side. "Atta boy," counsels the optimist. "The idea is to get out of a sand trap is one. That's all the pro try to do." He knows all the time it's going to take you four to get out of the trap you're in now.

Then there is the goosed shot which zooms into the air directly overhead like a pop foul behind home plate. "You just teed it a little high, sport," muses your helper. "Try teeing it a little lower."

Finally, there is the complete miss, the fan-out where the club head swashes several inches over the ball, leaving you tied up in a 30-handicap knot, feeling as though you'd just broken on your back. "An absolutely perfect practice swing!" shouts your partner. "Now, do that when you swing at the ball and it'll be 295 yards straight down the middle."

If you really don't care whether your game improves or not, it's O.K. to play golf with this fellow. A word of advice, though: Don't get in a gin runny game with him.



PERFECTIONIST

With rigid wrists, and head held down,
His hips correctly pivoted;
Knees slightly bent, he's best in town
At putting back a divot.

F. E. WARR

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

**EYELETS
AND FLARES
AT WIMBLEDON**

What the girls wear at Wimbledon is the big news until the matches are played and the scores are in. This year (harumph) the Empire silhouette seems to be replacing last season's favored A line style



RUFFLED EYELET petticoat under billowing, flared skirt of polka-dot, form-bugging tennis dress is displayed by Pilar Barril of Spain.



WATERPROOF FABRIC of Shirley Fry's Empire outfit is tested by Louise Brough, defending singles champion.



SWEATH DRESS featuring box pleats threaded through with blue ribbon and worn by Jennifer Ross is shown off by husband Ray.



SCALLOPED HEMLINE decorates Empire dress worn by second-seeded Beverly

Flick. Opposite dress release she shows short slant coat with embroidered raised



rackets. At left is Gloria Butler in a one-shoulder outfit with connected hemline.

WONDERFUL WORLD *reunited*

SULLIVAN'S NIGHTMARE





LECTURED BY Gene Sarazen, who caddied with Sullivan when both were apt of retooling youngsters, Ed learns what he did wrong. Rich shot was short of green, landed in trap.

Among scores of celebrities and topflight golfers who turned out for the third annual pro-amateur tournament held at Apawamis Club in Westchester County, N.Y. was television's Ed Sullivan, shown (left) as he faces a golfer's nightmare—a pitch shot to a green almost completely surrounded by traps. The charity affair, sponsored by a Westchester women's organization called Twigs, raised \$15,000 for Port Chester's United Hospital Fund. For the outcome of Sullivan's tough approach shot, see above



LECTURE DIGESTED. Ed entered trap and played his recovery. Top tournament honors were shared by former Masters Champion Claude Harmon and Walter Irwin Jr. of Augusta, who shot 68.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK KNOFF

LAMENT FOR A FIGHTER: 'THE WASTED YEARS'

A championship at 23, a big car, fame—it was all an illusion for the Johnny Brattens who never had a home life and who today face a tragedy

by JOANNE JACKSON BRATTON

Johnny Bratten's career ended at 23, an age when many fighters are just hitting their stride. Possessor of a catlike quickness, a devastating right hand and enormous ring courage, he survived three broken jaws to fight for the welterweight title three times, winning once. He is said to have earned \$400,000 in all, but when he retired from boxing in 1955 he was penniless and owed the U.S. \$5,000 in back taxes. On March 28, Bratten was absolved of charges of possessing narcotics. Two months later he was confined to a state mental hospital near Chicago, where he is today

I WAS 15 YEARS OLD when I met Johnny Bratten, and he was 18, and we went to the movies on our first date. Our story might have been the same as any other, except that at 18 Johnny was already a big success.

I was just getting ready to graduate from high school, but Johnny had quit school and was on his way. He had a black Cadillac and he had traveled all over the country.

A little later he gave the black Cadillac to his two brothers and bought a white Cadillac convertible for himself. Not many 18-year-old boys have Cadillacs that they earned themselves, but even that wasn't big enough for Johnny. His white Cadillac had a record player built into the glove compartment, and on the side of the car it said "Honey Boy" in big gold letters.

I soon got him to take the "Honey Boy" off. It was a name given him by his fans in Chicago in a publicity contest run by his manager, and I never liked it. But I did like the record player and we had a lot of fun with it. We had a game we played at stop lights: we would tune it up loud so the people in the other cars could hear the hot jazz we were playing, and out of the sides of our eyes we would watch them fiddling frantically with their radios, trying to get the same program. In those

days we did not worry about much.

I wish I could have looked ahead then. I wish I could have foreseen that in the next six years Johnny and I would run through a quarter of a million dollars in purses and have nothing to show for it at the end except tax debts and a lot of good-looking clothes. I wish I could have foreseen the beatings Johnny would have to take, the broken jaws, the broken hand. I wish I could have known how tough it was going to be to keep a home together and how frightening it would be much later on.

The trouble that came to us later was partly caused by the difference in our backgrounds. I grew up in Detroit, in my grandmother's house, and we were a close family and we lived in a closely knit community. I was taught to pray on my knees every night—and I still do—and I was raised with children who grew up the same way. There were about 20 of us in the community and we and our families stuck very close together. The adults always knew where the children were and what they were doing.

Johnny's life was nothing like that. His father was very religious—he is a deacon in the Church of God and Christ—but he was so strict that the religion did not have the effect it

should have had. Johnny was a normal, mischievous boy, and often had to go against his father's wishes to be himself. I guess he wanted a lot of things in life and, like so many other Negroes, he saw that one of the few ways to get them was to become a fighter. He didn't waste any time. He was in the ring when he was 14.

NEIGHBORHOOD HERO

All I knew about boxing when I met Johnny was Joe Louis. In our neighborhood we knew the Louis story very well indeed. Whenever Joe fought, every member of my family—and all the families we knew—would sit close to the radio and listen as intently as if the outcome meant something to all of us personally. The minute the decision was announced everyone would run outdoors, and after that you could hear nothing but the sound of car horns.

Only a few years later boxing meant something a lot different to me, but I didn't see the trouble ahead when Johnny called me long distance one day and said, "Why don't you come on over to Chicago and marry me?"

So I quit my job as a long-distance telephone operator and flew to Chicago to be married to Johnny by the father of one of his close friends. It was a simple ceremony in the preacher's home,



IN EARLIER, HAPPIER DAYS, THE JOHNNY BRATTONS IN LEO SPEND A NIGHT AT HOME AT THEIR COMFORTABLE FLUSHING, N.Y. APARTMENT

but not a quiet one. The choir in the church was practicing and I never heard a word the preacher said.

Afterward we went to dinner and a show and then to Johnny's mother's house to tell her that we were married. She was upset, but finally she accepted that what was done was done. And then we went to the Southway Hotel.

We had never become officially engaged but we had more or less taken each other for granted. We never discussed our future together or Johnny's ultimate goal after he finished fighting. I had a storybook idea of what marriage would be like. My husband would go to work at a certain hour and come home for dinner at a certain hour. We would have a circle of friends in our same age group. We'd play cards with them or go to the movies and generally live a normal existence. But with Johnny I found myself in an entirely different world.

After our marriage Johnny's first

fight was in Chicago. During his training period he either ate his meals at his mother's house or at a restaurant. His trainer and manager didn't feel I was capable of preparing the type of meals he had to eat. We lived with his brother's family at the time and with his usual group of friends. There were always four or five fellows that were with him all day. They would sit and talk until it was time for Johnny to go to bed. I never seemed to be able to enter their conversations because I didn't know the people they were talking about or the places they referred to. I never felt that I belonged to his life, except for the hour or so that Johnny and I found ourselves alone at night just before we went to sleep.

COOL OPERATOR

Johnny was so confident and self-reliant it took me a long time to realize he was no ordinary man in any ordinary profession. I remember so well the

nights Johnny fought. His attitude was completely impassive. As he would leave the house he acted as though he was just going to a neighborhood movie. With the expansion on his face that I grew to know so well and his voice devoid of emotion, he would say, "I'll see you after the fight."

The day of his fights always seemed to pass with snail-like motion and I found that I never had much appetite. The only thing that didn't nauseate me was liquid. I always prayed that Johnny would never once forget that there were others who were related to Johnny's opponent who were going through the same mental anguish that I went through.

I remember one time when Johnny fought Bobby Dykes and I waited outside the dressing room until I heard the verdict, and just then some little, slight woman came up to me and said in a very quiet southern accent,

continued on next page

'THE WASTED YEARS'

continued from page 23

"Honey, do you know who won?"
I was so ebullient I just shouted:
"Why, Johnny Bratton won!"

She put her face in her hands and
said sadly, "Oh my, oh dear."

Then she explained that she was
Dykens's aunt. Later when Kid Gavilan
beat Johnny so badly, Mrs. Gavilan
rushed by me outside the dressing
room, looking happy, and I remembered
how I had been at the Dykens
fight and how Dykens's aunt had felt.

Just after Johnny and I had been
married a year I found that we were
going to have a child. I felt more in-
secure now than I had ever felt in my
entire life. The first thing that came
to my mind was that I wanted to be
home with my mother and grand-
mother. Johnny encouraged me to go
to Detroit—he too was emotionally
insecure and not prepared to accept
the responsibilities of being a father.

Johnny called me two and three
times a week while I was away but he
never found time to come up and see
me because of his training schedule.

Johnny had another reason for want-
ing me to leave Chicago. It was during
this time that the Illinois boxing com-
mission had assigned police protection
to Johnny as a result of the investi-
gation they were holding concerning
cleaning up boxing in Illinois. Johnny
had signed a contract under the aus-
pices of the IBC which Howard Frazier,
his manager, contested. The first
day of the hearing Johnny accused Mr.
Frazier of being a gambler and of not
giving him his share of the purse for a
fight with Gene Burton. Frazier ad-
mitted to gambling on Johnny's fights.
He also said he had had to pay money
to gamblers as he was afraid for his
and Johnny's lives.

The newspapers carried the story of
the hearings and I was so confused and
upset by what I read that I couldn't
sleep for several nights. Two police of-
ficers were assigned to guard us where-
ever we went. The first night of the
hearing when Johnny and I came out
of the movies, one officer walked ahead
of us and one behind. After the second
day Frazier contradicted his testimony.
The guard was taken off and Frazier's
license was suspended by the commis-
sioner. Johnny's contract was
bought up by the IBC for \$12,500.
Later Hymie (The Mink) Waliman of
New York became his manager.

Johnny won his next fight against
Gaby Ferland in November 1949 by
a technical knockout in the second



IN 1951 TITLE MATCH, Bratton pits Charles Fazzari on canvas in fourth round. Bratton won the fight and NBA welterweight championship vacated by Sugar Ray Robinson.

round. About an hour after the fight
he called to tell me of his victory. He
said he wouldn't be able to come to
Detroit because after a couple of days'
rest he had to go back into the gym to
train again. He wanted to stay in good
condition. He told me some of his
friends were giving him a party to ce-
lebrate his winning. He said he was just
going to stop by the party for a few
minutes and then go home to bed.
After I hung up the phone I sat and
tried to figure out just where all this
would end. I had to ask myself ques-
tions that I should have been asking
my husband—when would we ever be
able to get together long enough to
make a real home. After two years of
marriage we had accomplished nothing
as a couple.

JOHNNY CAME FINALLY

Johnny came to Detroit on Christ-
mas Eve and spent two days. He was
in training for the Gene Haisman bout
in New York, so he stayed at a hotel
and came over to my grandmother's
house to see me. He told me that after
the fight in New York he would go
back to Chicago and find us an apart-
ment so that as soon as the baby was
born we would have a place in which
to live. This was something to look
forward to, and at the time it was all
I seemed to need.

After the Haisman fight, Johnny
called to tell me of a proposed bout

with Ike Williams. He said that he felt
if he could win this one we would have
nothing else to worry about financial-
ly. It would put him in the position to
get some very good money fights. He
asked me to find out from the doctor
if I could make the trip to see the fight.
The fact that I knew he wanted me
there made me determined that nothing
short of the baby's arrival would
stop me from going. Johnny met me
at the station and took me to his
brother's home, where we talked for
an hour or so until it was time for him
to go back to his hotel to bed.

The morning of the fight was proba-
bly typical of any other morning in
January in Chicago, but it seemed to
me like a day set aside for nothing but
suspense and confusion. The telephone
and the doorbell seemed never to stop
ringing. Johnny stopped by for a few
minutes just before dinner and asked
me to make him a lemon pie so that he
could have it when he came back
from the fight. We knelt down and said
a prayer together as we had always
done when we had been together be-
fore his fights. He then left with his
entourage of assistants, friends and a
few just plain hangers-on that I had
tried so hard to make him get rid of.

This fight was destined to come to
a dramatic ending. Just two years be-
fore, January 23, 1948, in the same
ring, Johnny had had to quit with a
broken jaw in the eighth round of his

fight with Beau Jack. It was in the eighth round this night that Johnny turned his back on Ike Williams and motioned to the referee that it was all over. I had been in the bedroom because Johnny's brother Jerry wanted to listen to the fight on the radio and I couldn't bear to hear it. When it was over, Jerry came into the room and told me not to become alarmed, but he thought something had happened to Johnny's jaw again. It seemed like an eternity before a friend of Johnny's called and said they would be bringing him home in about an hour. I watched at the window until I saw the car, and I ran out to meet them. Johnny had been given a hypo, and the fellows with him had to almost carry him into the house. The first thing he said to me was, "So, don't worry. I'm all right. How are you?" How was I? Just the sound of his words made my heart ache. This was the same unselfish way he always felt after a fight. I spent the entire night sitting at the side of the bed watching Johnny to make sure his every need was satisfied.

I couldn't help thinking as I sat there that this was just the beginning of what could happen to him. I thought about the lemon pie I had baked and how ironic it was that for at least a few weeks he wouldn't be able to eat anything but soups, mashed potatoes and things that could easily go through the small opening between his teeth. And I thought about the baby and what effect this new setback would have as a deciding factor for Johnny to quit the ring.

Our son was born February 7, 1950,

and we named him Derek Truman Bratton. Johnny named him Truman after Truman Gibson Jr. of the IBC, of whom he was very fond. Johnny came to Detroit as soon as he heard that I had entered the hospital and was there the next morning when I awoke. The same day that I was to come home with the baby Johnny had to be back in Chicago to have his wince removed. Once again he had to miss an event that is usually quite important in a married couple's life.

By the time the baby was about two months old Johnny had rented a nice apartment in Chicago, and he drove up to get us. He had started back in the gym doing light-bag punching and calisthenics to keep himself in shape. I tried to influence him all I could to give up fighting. We were not indebted to anyone at the time but the IBC, and then not so deeply that we wouldn't be able to pay them back within a few months. (After the Williams fight the IBC loaned us \$100 a month for about nine months.) Johnny objected to my working because the baby was so very young. He said he didn't have to worry about getting in more debt to the IBC because in one or two fights when he got back "on top" he could pay off and we would never feel it. He told me all the things he wanted for our son and how much quicker he could get them fighting rather than on a job, where he could only make \$50 or \$60 a week.

While Johnny wasn't in training during this 10-month period, I think we were happier than we had ever been before. We had a small apartment, and even though we only had one room

furnished we spent most of the time together. We went to movies, for rides in the car and we began to enjoy the things that had meant so much to us during our courtship. This compatibility didn't last too long. Within a few months Johnny had signed to fight Holly Mills in Baltimore and Johnny Casario in New York. I went back to Detroit again, this time with the baby, while Johnny trained. This time our marriage was held together by long-distance phone conversations.

PRACTICE IN EARNEST

Johnny lost his first fight back against Mills but he won three weeks later over Casario by a TKO in the third round. He fought Mills in Baltimore a week after, and again dropped the decision. I was of the opinion that these fights were scheduled too close together, but Johnny assured me that he had regained his timing, his confidence, and felt his old self again. My doubts proved to be unfounded because Johnny had a phenomenal winning streak on his return to Chicago.

In one winter of fights at the stadium, they say he brought in \$599,000 at the gate. Now there seemed to be many reasons why I should stay in Detroit until Johnny got a few more "wins." It was almost a year before I got back to Chicago. That was for the Bobby Dykes fight on January 24, 1951. Johnny felt that there was no reason for me to feel as I did about his fighting, and he insisted that I watch him. Johnny knocked Dykes out in the first round. This is the only fight I ever saw from start to finish in which Johnny was one of the participants. I felt very proud of Johnny and because of his easy victory much more confident of his ability. I even found myself joining in with the excitement and glamour of the fight game and pushing aside the fears that had bothered me before.

It wasn't long after this fight that Johnny signed to meet Charley Frazier for the welterweight title. This was his most important bout to date and of course meant only one thing for me—back to Detroit. I didn't see Johnny again until March 14, 1951, the day of the fight. I had been quite sick during this time but never told Johnny because I didn't want him to have any additional worries. Against the doctor's advice I went to Chicago and the fight but I stayed downstairs in the ladies' room until it ended. This didn't help much because nothing could have drowned out the sound of those thousands screaming for a knockout. He

continued on page 60



IN "LITTLE" CAR, Branch hitches on front seat of runy white Jaguar he bought in 1953 after wife Jeanne had pleaded with him to save money, buy a small automobile.

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Mario D'Agata. Italian deaf-mute who came back from near-death following shooting fray, used his ready fists to tame France's Robert Cohen in "retire" at end of sixth, won European version of world bantamweight title at Rome.



Alex Omeda. USC sophomore, trailed 3-0 in second set, staged rally to overcome Stanford's Jack Frost 2-6, 6-4, 6-2, 4-1 at Kalamazoo, Mich., became third South American since 1941 to win NCAA tennis championship.

RECORD BREAKERS

U.S. track stars, during assorted meets for Melbourne, produced three world records, two American marks in exciting Olympic trials at Los Angeles (June 29, 30). The world records: Charlie Dumas, 19-year-old Compton (Calif.) Junior College freshman, became first to crack 7-foot-high jump barrier, clearing 7 feet 1/2 inch; Ohio State's famous Glenn Davis stopped clock at 49.1 in 400-meter hurdles; Army's Lou Jones stepped off 400 meters in 45.2. The U.S. records: Army's Tom Courneyour outlasted Phil's Arnie Bowler in 1:48.4 for 800 meters; Oregon's Bill Dwellinger doggedly covered 5,000 meters in 14:26.

James Siddle, 23-year-old Fulham javelin thrower, heaved spear 274 feet 5 inches at Milan, became second in six days to break world mark (June 30).

Russian weightlifters got into record-breaking act, bettering pair of world standards. Lightweight Nikolai Kottler snatched 275 1/2 pounds in European championships at Helsinki (June 28); Middleweight Fedor Bogdanovskiy lifted 280 pounds in two-hand clean and press at Leningrad (June 28).

Lucky Mel, sprightly 5-year-old sprinter, made his sixth straight victory one in remembrance, romping five furlongs in 2:46 2/5 for new world record, third of current meeting at Hollywood Park (June 28).

Amerasia, sturdy 5-year-old pacer, side-whiskered mile-and-a-half in 2:46 2/5 for world mark for half-mile track at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, N.Y. (June

29) Just two nights after Tawhid stepped off mile in 2:02 3/5, best ever for 2-year-old pacers, on same track (June 27).

BASEBALL

Mickey Mantle's week: nine hits, nine walks, two strikeouts, five runs scored, two home runs (putting him four ahead of Babe Ruth's record year after 71 games) in 22 times at bat. Mickey leads American League in following departments: BA—.379; H—100; R—67; RBI—31; RB—23.

Milwaukee's magic carpet came down to earth when Robin Roberts and Philadelphia ended winning streak at 11 and Braves dropped next two to Phillies and Chicago, but National League leaders held on grimly by five percentage points as challenging Cincinnati made good use of home run power to sweep three from slumping Pittsburgh (who lost five out of six), take two out of three from fourth-place St. Louis. Brooklyn, leading on tall eastern Chicago and Philadelphia, was one game off pace after winning six out of eight.

New York, seeking twice after severe case of Chicagoitis, found it in Kansas City where they won three in row and at Yankee Stadium where they beat Washington three times. Chicago ran streak to nine before losing to Boston, faltered in Cleveland as Indians won Sandy Kousser's dropping White Sox four games behind Yankees. Detroit, going from bad to worse, got angry blast from Owner Spike Briggs, resignation from piqued Coach Joe Gordon.

BOXING

Fernand Perea, heavy Bille Argentinian, lashed all over Cuba's Oscar Suarez after going down in fifth, floored rival in ninth, won by TKO in 11th in retrain world flyweight championship at Montevideo.

Raul (Baton) Madrazo, sharp-bitting NBC bantamweight flyweight, made good use of ragierlike left to pile up valuable points to take 10-round decision over Tony Campo in scintilla scrap before howling 22,000 at Mexico City.

Charlie Johnston, fast-talking manager of Light Heavyweight Champion and No. 1 Heavyweight, Conqueror Archie Moore, signed for his fighter to meet Bill Daly's Canadian champion, James J. Parker, for "world heavyweight championship" in Toronto July 25, brusquely brushed off Floyd Patterson, currently sidelined by broken hand: "Patterson is a nothing fighter. He's an amateur champion."

AUTO RACING

British drivers and cars drove off with honors at Silverstone as Peter Collins scored, his Ferrari 2143, miles at average speed of 221.36 mph, to win French Grand Prix (see page 27) and Jaguar swept first three places in 12-hour sports car race.

TRACK & FIELD

Bobby Morrow, fast-footed Alabama Christian speedster, had biggest two days of his life at Los Angeles, competing to world record-tying 16.2 for 100 meters, U.S. record-tying 20.6 for 200 meters around turn,

FOCUS ON THE DEED



CHANGING FILLIES AND MARES head for home in \$155,000 Delaware Handicap as 16 to 1 long shot Flower Bowl (A/B from left), mares ready for the stretch drive and victory (see page 47).



A BAD TAIL It was when 12-year-old Robert Ditzgari scored his homemade racer across a stray dog's extremity and the flash line to win the annual Soap Box Derby at Washington, D.C.



Margaret (Wini) Smith, fabled 19-year-old from St. Clair, Mich., fresh from winning French title, polished off fellow-American Mary James 8 and 7 to take British Amateur at Sunningdale, promptly set her sights on U.S. crown.



Al Jordani, 71, who claims to be world's oldest driver, was spotted briefly by son Marvin as he piloted 1956 Pontiac 241cc's, averaged 118.37 mph to break 24-hour endurance Chase C stock car record at Beebeville Salt Flats.



Ollie Sears's shy young Hick James met his equal off tee in Heaton's Tom Backer but used his handy putting and familiarity with faster course to win 4 and 3, carried off NCAA golf championship at Columbus, Ohio.

was only double winner in Olympic trials (for complete list of winners, see page 27).

HORSE RACING

Red Hazzigan, with Paul Bailey up, kept wary eye on Nashua, decided to go it alone when favorite showed no inclination to try, quickly charged into lead and victory in \$25,500 Carter Handicap at Belmont Park, N.Y. Jockey Eddie Arano had no excuse for the disappointing Nashua, who finished far back in seventh and out of money for first time: "He just wouldn't run."

Greater New York Association, Inc. announced plans for creation of "bright new world" of Thoroughbred racing, recommended construction of new plant at Aqueduct at cost of \$25 million, expenditure of \$5 million to modernize Belmont.

Her Ellsworth took giant step toward improving breed in California, revealed acquisition of 41 hand-picked blood wares from the Aga Khan in "the biggest purchase of his kind," Ellsworth, ever hopeful that dashboards of producing another Swaps, retorted: "There's never been another Swaps before, and there may never be another like him."

GOLF

Ben Hogan, performing as smartly as ever despite weariness and game leg, stroked spiraling 68 on final round to win International Cup with 277, earned up with sibling Ben Sneed to give U.S. team title and Canada Cup in 29-nation tournament at Wentworth, England (see page 29).



BIG FINISH is scored by Delver Billy Houghton (right) as Belle Aston and Barbara Hanover, whom he also trains, cross the one-two in the \$71,269 Messenger Stakes for ponies at Westbury, N.Y.

LOGROLLING

Jabiel Wickhelm, agile 21-year-old Canadian lidekicker, expertly jagged Mark Olson of Escondido, Mich. into Rock River twin, rascalled brother Ardel as world's best logroller in World Championship Sides at Rockford, Ill. Virginia Rensen, 23, of Tauris, Wash. got "somed" by younger sister Charlette, came back to take next two falls and women's crown.

ROWING

Tale's powerful eight-oared crew lagged behind for half of race before raking move, went on to outstroke Cornell and Navy Adelphi at Syracuse, N.Y., was right to represent U.S. at Melbourne (for other winners, see page 28).

TENNIS

Wimbledon moved over closer to decision with fore holding up in women's ranks while early upsets knocked out such men's favorites as Egypt's Jaroslav Drobny, America's Rudge Patty, Denmark's Kurt Nielsen and Sweden's Sven Davidson.

MILEPOST

DEB John W. W. Behr, 52, Illinois Athletic Commission member, amateur referee, veteran Golden Gloves and Olympic coach, Illinois A.C. athletic director since 1919; of heart attack, at Chicago.

DISE—Claude (Tiny) Thersell, 53, halving former Stanford football coach (1932-1939); of heart attack, at Berkeley, Calif.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

PAUL FARRA, Elmira, N.Y., 15-lap 2000 Nations, in Pierce-Jayco, Thompson Runway, Calif. **YOUNG** McILROY, Glenview, Ill., Low Line Indy 500, in Pierce-Jayco, Akron, Ohio.

BOATING

BOB BERRY, 15-year-old son of Robert Lee, in British Lightningspeed 1000, 10000. **YAKA** BARBARA, 16-year-old daughter over her father, in old man gets into form. **BOB** CROFT, 1947, Around 500 over Carmelo Gels, Indianapolis, Washington, D.C. **FLORIS** SCHUB, 19-year-old son of Carl Schumacher, Netherlands, Stockholm, Calif.

GOLF

ARNO FULMER, Lathrop, Pa., over Ted Knell, in sudden-death playoff, Irwinston Cup Meet, Redwood, Calif. **BEVERLY** HANSON, Apple Valley, Calif., women's Western Open, with 264 for 11 holes, San Marcos. **BOB** KROGER, Grand Rapids, over Peter Burke, U.S., 4 and 3, world tennis title, Princeton, England.

HORSE RACING

BUD MADON, \$25,000 Vandy Handicap, 2 1/2 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:48 1/5, Hollywood Pa., Cal. **BOB** FARRA, 15-lap 2000 Nations, in Pierce-Jayco, Akron, Ohio. **BOB** CROFT, 1947, Around 500 over Carmelo Gels, Indianapolis, Washington, D.C. **FLORIS** SCHUB, 19-year-old son of Carl Schumacher, Netherlands, Stockholm, Calif.

SALES

BOB BERRY, 15-year-old son of Robert Lee, in British Lightningspeed 1000, 10000. **YAKA** BARBARA, 16-year-old daughter over her father, in old man gets into form. **BOB** CROFT, 1947, Around 500 over Carmelo Gels, Indianapolis, Washington, D.C. **FLORIS** SCHUB, 19-year-old son of Carl Schumacher, Netherlands, Stockholm, Calif.

SOCCER

PAUL FARRA, Elmira, N.Y., 15-lap 2000 Nations, in Pierce-Jayco, Thompson Runway, Calif. **YOUNG** McILROY, Glenview, Ill., Low Line Indy 500, in Pierce-Jayco, Akron, Ohio.

TENNIS

BOB BERRY, 15-year-old son of Robert Lee, in British Lightningspeed 1000, 10000. **YAKA** BARBARA, 16-year-old daughter over her father, in old man gets into form. **BOB** CROFT, 1947, Around 500 over Carmelo Gels, Indianapolis, Washington, D.C. **FLORIS** SCHUB, 19-year-old son of Carl Schumacher, Netherlands, Stockholm, Calif.



VICTORY GRINS are exchanged by the Kellys, Jack Jr. (left) and Jack Sr., after younger Kelly won single scull semifinal race during the Olympic Rowing Trials at Syracuse, N.Y. (see page 28).

COMING EVENTS

July 6 through July 15

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

Auto Racing

NASCAR convertible race, One Goodies, Toronto, Ont.
U.S. Auto Club stock car race, Oklahoma City, SCAR Race, Beverly, Mass. (also July 7).

Baseball

● Atlanta vs. San Francisco, Atlanta, Ga. (Eastern League), 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

● Pablo Rosa vs. Joey Lopez, lightweights, Med. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (FBC).

Horse Racing

Two-year-old race, \$23,800, Clovis, Ar.

Quarter-Horse Shows

Solara Fair Meet, Valleys, Calif. (through July 14).

SATURDAY, JULY 7

Auto Racing

Midwest Kyalami race, Niagara Falls (also July 8).

Auto Racing

NASCAR Late Model race, Baltimore, NASCAR convertible race, 150 laps, Buffalo.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago, 7:35 p.m. (CBS*).
● New York vs. Pittsburgh, New York, 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf

USGA Public Links Tournament, Harding Park Golf Course, San Francisco (through July 14).

Horse Racing

● Arlington-Lakeview, \$50,000, 6 furlongs, 3-yr.-old fobs, Arlington Park, Ill., 5:48 p.m. (NBC).
● Sprint Handicap, \$25,000, 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y.
● Ladies and Flowers Handicap, \$15,000, 6 furlongs, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif., 8:30 p.m. (FBC).

Motorboat Racing

Mid-High Regatta and Mares Gold Cup Trophy Race, Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Sailing

International Yachting Regatta, Helsinki, Finland, (through July 15).

Tennis

La Jolla Tournament (all classes), La Jolla Tennis Club, Calif.

SUNDAY, JULY 8

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club championship race, Atlanta, U.S. Auto Club midwest race, Flat Rock, Mich. and Williams Grove, Pa.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Baltimore, Boston, 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*).

Swimming

National AAU Women's Platform Diving championships, Houston.

Tennis

Swedish International Hard Court championships, Borås, Sweden.

MONDAY, JULY 9

Boxing

Whitard Eaves vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, Pittsburgh (10 rds.).

● Jerry Leebe vs. Willie Ray, middleweights, St. Nicholas Arena, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Mont).

Golf

Ohio Amateur championships, Westbrook Country Club, Mansfield, Ohio (through July 23).
New York Women's State Amateur and Senior Women's championships, Cortland Country Club, Cortland, N.Y. (through July 31).

Horse Racing

The Tenor, \$15,000, 5/16 furlongs, 2-yr.-old colts, Jamaica, N.Y.

Horse Show

Longview Junior League Horse Show, Longview, Ky. (through July 14).

Rodeo

Grizzly Stampede & Exhibition, Calgary, Alta.

Tennis

Eastern States Clay Court championships (women's singles and doubles), Brook Hill, Pa.
Middle Atlantic Father and Son Clay Court championships, Edgemoor Club, Bethesda, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 10

Baseball

● 73rd Annual All-Star Game, Griffith Stadium, Washington, D.C., 12:45 p.m. (NBC). (Mutual*).
European Baseball championships, Rome, Italy (through July 15).

Boxing

Art Aragon vs. Chico Velaz, middleweights, Hollywood (10 rds.).

Horse Racing

Charles S. Howard Stakes, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old colts and geldings, 5/16 furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11

Baseball

● Atlanta vs. Washington, Washington, N.Y. (Eastern League), 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

● Sam Valdes vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweights, ● Lucyane Anna, Maine (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf

Michigan Amateur championship, Jackson, Mich.

Horse Racing

W. M. Reynolds Memorial, \$15,000, 2-yr.-old colts, Hamburg, N.Y.

THURSDAY, JULY 12

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midwest race, Bedford, Ohio.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. New York, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Criquet

2nd Test Match, England vs. Australia, Leeds, Yorkshire, England (through July 17).

Golf

Lafayette Open, \$25,000, Royal Quebec C.C., Quebec City, Que.
Women's Tour: Four-ball Invitational, \$5,500, The Homestead, Mid Springs, Va.

Horse Racing

Empire State Pacing Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Quarter-Horse Shows

Lanania Jubilee Quarter-Horse Show, Lanania, Wyo.

Sailing

Swedish Trophy race, Lofors 161, Royal Bernad Yacht Club, Bernad.

Tennis

Ronan Joyce Junior Tennis Tournament, Waukegan (through July 14).

FRIDAY, JULY 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR convertible race, 100 miles, Lincoln Speedway, Abbeville, Pa.
U.S. Auto Club midwest race, Galesburg, Ill.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

● Rocky Castellani vs. Joey Gombis, middleweights, Med. Sq. Garden, New York (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (FBC).

Horse Racing

Massachusetts Thoroughbred, \$16,000, Foxboro, Mass.
National Pacing Derby (Invitational), \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

Horse Show

Great Basington Horse Show, Great Basington, Mass.

Tennis

New England Father and Son Clay Court championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. (through July 15).

Track

AAG Olympic Scatillon tryouts, Crawfordsville, Ind. (also July 14).
AAA championships, White City, London, England (also July 14).

SATURDAY, JULY 14

Auto Racing

SCCA Hillclimb, Mt. Washington, N.H.
British Grand Prix, Silverstone, Northamptonshire, England.
NASCAR convertible race, 10 miles, Wall Stadium, Belmar, N.J.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. New York, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS*).
● Chicago vs. Boston, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing

Arlington Classic, \$180,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds, Arlington Park, Ill.
Hollywood Gold Cup, \$100,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif.
Edgemore Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Sailing

32nd Annual Port Huron-Blackens Island Race, 235 statute miles, sail yachts, Lake Huron.
Point Loma Cruise, Coronado Yacht Club, Calif. (also July 15).
Mast 5.5-class championships, Larchmont, N.Y. (through July 18).

Swimming

Jr. Men's and Women's 200 Meter Freestyle, Pacific West.

Tennis

USITA Clay Court championships (men's singles, doubles; women's singles, doubles), River Forest, Ill.

SUNDAY, JULY 15

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club stock car race, Milwaukee, U.S. Auto Club sprint race, Indiana Speedway, Salem, Ind.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. New York, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing

The Swedish Derby, Malmö, Sweden.

Motorboating

Southern Powerboat Races, Solas Bay (Lake Ontario), N.Y.
Regatta I championships, South Hefley Falls, Mass.
International Boundary Race, St. Clair, Mich.

* See local listing.

250 oarsmen swept over Onondaga's waters but only 26 were measured for Olympic uniforms, including that Kelly boy and

NINE YOUNG BLUES

THE 1956 Olympic Rowing Trials last weekend were the grandest of them all. There were more entries, more boats and more organization than ever before. Two hundred and fifty rowers and more than 100 coaches, trainers and officials, together with a sizable number of rowing buffs, college girls and rowing-club members, piled into the Lake Onondaga grandstands for four days, augmented on the weekend by crowds of up to 10,000 from nearby Syracuse.

The meet was organized to the minute. U.S. Marines manned a ship-to-shore radio system, the press box was connected to the referee's boat, the referee's boat was connected to the finish barge, and the finish barge was connected to the boathouse. The races were broadcast to the stands from a reporting boat. Two Coast Guard boats hovered outside the course, chasing mammoth oil barges that came churning into the lake out of the Erie Canal. No unofficial boating was allowed during the races.

Most serious business of the trials came on the last day when the eight-oared shells lined up for the finals. Five of them were at their stake boats for the race that meant sudden death to the Olympic hopes of all but the winner. One by one the raised hands of the coxswain dropped to show that Yale, Cornell, Navy Offens, Washington and Wisconsin were ready. The referee raised his megaphone and the five jumped as one. Forty oars bit the water, stroked, came out and stroked again. As the boats shot down the 2,000-meter course, how far how at 500 meters, it was Navy by a deck over the rest. At 750 meters the shells were still even, with Washington in a slight lead. At 1,000 meters it was Yale, rowing at 32 strokes a minute. Then Cornell moved in, and the lead was passed from shell to shell in the charging wall of oars. At 1,500 meters it was Yale staying off a Cornell bid with a quick 18-stroke punch at 36, and finally, smoother than the rest, rowing at a 34

rising to a 36 at the finish, Yale moved home three-quarters of a length ahead of the pack.

The eight boats slid to a stop together while the men slumped over their oars, heaving for breath and waiting for the official word.

It came: Yale 6:33.5; Cornell 6:36.2; Navy 6:37.5; Washington 6:37.8; Wisconsin 6:40.8. Five boats across in seven seconds.

Stork Sanford took the long walk back to the boathouse, getting used to the idea that his Cornell champions had been beaten. The Navy rowed back to the dock, a great comeback story without a climax. At the dock the Yale coxswain was tossed in the water with gusto, flash bulbs snapped and the winners were bursting with talk. For four weeks now, they had been doing a slow burn. Six-tenths of a second had been the margin of their loss to Cornell at the Eastern Championship, and yet it had made them has-beens in the news as they read it.

In the four weeks spent at Gales Ferry in preparation for the Harvard

race and the Olympic trials, Coach Jim Rastbachmidt had welded the boys into the elusive compound that is a great crew. It showed in early workouts on Onondaga.

"They did better before the trials than they had all year," said Rastbachmidt.

Captain Tom Charlton explained afterward that success was not all strength and power. "You can't just kick a guy in the tail and tell him to get in there and pull. There's more teamwork needed than in any other sport. It's more than teamwork, it's eight guys doing exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. It takes an unusual man to bring that out in a team. Someone who doesn't have to get up and wave the flag to make you want to win. It takes a coach like Jim."

Yale was not the first crew to elude that trip to Australia. Eight-oared shells, considered the *pièce de résistance* of the program, were served last. First was a four-oared shell with coxswain from the West Side Rowing Club that had entered as sort of an afterthought. Every one of the boys had rowed in national club championships, but as a crew they had been together just 11 days. They clicked at the last minute, and the elation of the club knew no bounds. They threw the coxswain in, and then the whole crew.

James Filer and Davall Hecht in the pairs without coxswain were second crew on the winner list. They came in seven lengths ahead of the 1953 Olympic champions, Charles Logg and Tom Price, in a reversal of the last race

continued on next page



"This is a hell of a time to get a headache."

first class from Holland...



From across the ocean comes Heineken's Holland beer to delight your palate.

Naturally carbonated and fully aged in the warm Heineken's has a flavor and lightness all its own. You never tasted beer like Heineken's!

America's largest selling imported beer.

IMPORTED

Heineken's

HOLLAND BEER

Bott. U.S. Imported: Van Munching & Co., Inc., New York 22



in VIRGINIA

Some like it fresh. Some like it salt. But everybody likes the fishing in Virginia's well-stocked streams and lakes, running rivers, bays and offshore waters. To learn where and how to catch the biggest, fighting black bass, striped bass, red and black drum, marlin, brookie, tarpon, cobia, blue fish, rock fish, trout and many, many others, send for free booklet.

GET BOOKS AND GUIDES AT:

Cover Classics	Columbia Books	Norfolk
Washington	Old Point	Seaside News
Charmers	Urbana	Seaside
Marine View	Smiths Area	Seaside
Hampton	Lynchburg	Seaside

VIRGINIA Dept. of Conservation & Development
Dept. 50-176, State Office Building
Richmond 16, Virginia
Please send free booklet "Along to Virginia"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Send, until the salt water fishing available.

BOATING

continued from page 25

between the two. The Filer-Necht team rowed for a three- or four-length edge, and the slim chance to make up the difference was lost to Price and Legg when a swell sneaked into the course through a newly opened hole in the log boom and all but upset their shell.

Jack Kelly took the singles, his eighth straight championship for Ves-

pound outboard in each hand and lug them to the dockside like milk pails. Ayraud is just as stout a fellow.

In the Jaws without coxswain the Detroit Boat Club entry, about the only light crew that scored during the day, took it away from the Washington Athletic Club four by making up a length's deficit in the last 40 strokes—Detroit also scored in the double sculls with Jim Gardiner and Pat Costello, each with a long record of international and national titles.

During an Olympic year the small-boat events are traditionally the battleground of the rowing clubs and members of college eighties who have jumped into the heavier shells in hopes of getting to the big show. This year there was an added factor: ex-college rowers released by the service for training with the clubs. As a result, college rowers were squeezed out entirely in small shells this year, in marked contrast to the last Olympic squad where all but the single and double sculls were manned by collegians.

Additional injury was offered by Detroit which had an eight-oared shell in the preliminary heat against Wisconsin and Yale. Although seven of the oarsmen had rowed 2,000-meter trials earlier in the day and the other was a mere 150-pounder, they gave the colleges a real battle. Navy Coach Rusty Callow, having drawn what he considered a harder heat, predicted that Yale and Wisconsin would be able to loaf against Detroit's "pick-up" crew. "But," as a gleeful Detroiter put it, "we made them row their tails off."

Traditional differences between club and college rowers disappeared in the trophy room of the boathouse, where the 26 winners got together to be measured for the American Olympic uniform. The realization that they now represented a country began to permeate the air. Said Coxswain Becklean of Yale, looking around at his teammates: "We rowed our best race today, but we're going over to row an even better one." (EW)

per Boat Club, and it earned him a congratulatory telegram from sister Grace in Monaco. Kelly is still a great oarsman at 29, rowing with almost insolent ease. Unthinkable as it may be, he is hanging up his oars after the Olympics. It's like retiring the Yankees out of the American League.

"There's not much sense in going after another national title," Kelly said by way of explanation, "and I don't want to take time needed to compete with the Russians who row every day of the year. These boys have revolutionized racing. It used to be that you kicked in for your finish. Now you go almost top speed all the way."

In the pairs with coxswain, Cons Findlay and Dan Ayraud of the Stanford Crew Association led the field in a shell built for them by Panosok. It's said of the event that you need two horses to row a coxed pair. Findlay, an unpaid Stanford coach, can pick up a 150-

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4. Boston Globe; 5. Chicago, N.Y. Times, State Capital; 6. N.Y. Times; 7. Los Angeles Times; 8. New York Times; 9. New York Times; 10. New York Times; 11. New York Times; 12. New York Times; 13. New York Times; 14. New York Times; 15. New York Times; 16. New York Times; 17. New York Times; 18. New York Times; 19. New York Times; 20. New York Times; 21. New York Times; 22. New York Times; 23. New York Times; 24. New York Times; 25. New York Times; 26. New York Times; 27. New York Times; 28. New York Times; 29. New York Times; 30. New York Times; 31. New York Times; 32. New York Times; 33. New York Times; 34. New York Times; 35. New York Times; 36. New York Times; 37. New York Times; 38. New York Times; 39. New York Times; 40. New York Times; 41. New York Times; 42. New York Times; 43. New York Times; 44. New York Times; 45. New York Times; 46. New York Times; 47. New York Times; 48. New York Times; 49. New York Times; 50. New York Times; 51. New York Times; 52. New York Times; 53. New York Times; 54. New York Times; 55. New York Times; 56. New York Times; 57. New York Times; 58. New York Times; 59. New York Times; 60. New York Times; 61. New York Times; 62. New York Times; 63. New York Times; 64. New York Times; 65. New York Times; 66. New York Times; 67. New York Times; 68. New York Times; 69. New York Times; 70. New York Times; 71. New York Times; 72. New York Times; 73. New York Times; 74. New York Times; 75. New York Times; 76. New York Times; 77. New York Times; 78. New York Times; 79. New York Times; 80. New York Times; 81. New York Times; 82. New York Times; 83. New York Times; 84. New York Times; 85. New York Times; 86. New York Times; 87. New York Times; 88. New York Times; 89. New York Times; 90. New York Times; 91. New York Times; 92. New York Times; 93. New York Times; 94. New York Times; 95. New York Times; 96. New York Times; 97. New York Times; 98. New York Times; 99. New York Times; 100. New York Times; 101. New York Times; 102. New York Times; 103. New York Times; 104. New York Times; 105. New York Times; 106. New York Times; 107. New York Times; 108. New York Times; 109. New York Times; 110. New York Times; 111. New York Times; 112. New York Times; 113. New York Times; 114. New York Times; 115. New York Times; 116. New York Times; 117. New York Times; 118. New York Times; 119. New York Times; 120. New York Times; 121. New York Times; 122. New York Times; 123. New York Times; 124. New York Times; 125. New York Times; 126. New York Times; 127. New York Times; 128. New York Times; 129. New York Times; 130. New York Times; 131. New York Times; 132. New York Times; 133. New York Times; 134. New York Times; 135. New York Times; 136. New York Times; 137. New York Times; 138. New York Times; 139. New York Times; 140. New York Times; 141. New York Times; 142. New York Times; 143. New York Times; 144. New York Times; 145. New York Times; 146. New York Times; 147. New York Times; 148. New York Times; 149. New York Times; 150. New York Times; 151. New York Times; 152. New York Times; 153. New York Times; 154. New York Times; 155. New York Times; 156. New York Times; 157. New York Times; 158. New York Times; 159. New York Times; 160. New York Times; 161. New York Times; 162. New York Times; 163. New York Times; 164. New York Times; 165. New York Times; 166. New York Times; 167. New York Times; 168. New York Times; 169. New York Times; 170. New York Times; 171. New York Times; 172. New York Times; 173. New York Times; 174. New York Times; 175. New York Times; 176. New York Times; 177. New York Times; 178. New York Times; 179. New York Times; 180. New York Times; 181. New York Times; 182. New York Times; 183. New York Times; 184. New York Times; 185. New York Times; 186. New York Times; 187. New York Times; 188. New York Times; 189. New York Times; 190. New York Times; 191. New York Times; 192. New York Times; 193. New York Times; 194. New York Times; 195. New York Times; 196. New York Times; 197. New York Times; 198. New York Times; 199. New York Times; 200. New York Times; 201. New York Times; 202. New York Times; 203. New York Times; 204. New York Times; 205. New York Times; 206. New York Times; 207. New York Times; 208. New York Times; 209. New York Times; 210. New York Times; 211. New York Times; 212. New York Times; 213. New York Times; 214. New York Times; 215. New York Times; 216. New York Times; 217. New York Times; 218. New York Times; 219. New York Times; 220. New York Times; 221. New York Times; 222. New York Times; 223. New York Times; 224. New York Times; 225. New York Times; 226. New York Times; 227. New York Times; 228. New York Times; 229. New York Times; 230. New York Times; 231. New York Times; 232. New York Times; 233. New York Times; 234. New York Times; 235. New York Times; 236. New York Times; 237. New York Times; 238. New York Times; 239. New York Times; 240. New York Times; 241. New York Times; 242. New York Times; 243. New York Times; 244. New York Times; 245. New York Times; 246. New York Times; 247. New York Times; 248. New York Times; 249. New York Times; 250. New York Times; 251. New York Times; 252. New York Times; 253. New York Times; 254. New York Times; 255. New York Times; 256. New York Times; 257. New York Times; 258. New York Times; 259. New York Times; 260. New York Times; 261. New York Times; 262. New York Times; 263. New York Times; 264. New York Times; 265. New York Times; 266. New York Times; 267. New York Times; 268. New York Times; 269. New York Times; 270. New York Times; 271. New York Times; 272. New York Times; 273. New York Times; 274. New York Times; 275. New York Times; 276. New York Times; 277. New York Times; 278. New York Times; 279. New York Times; 280. New York Times; 281. New York Times; 282. New York Times; 283. New York Times; 284. New York Times; 285. New York Times; 286. New York Times; 287. New York Times; 288. New York Times; 289. New York Times; 290. New York Times; 291. New York Times; 292. New York Times; 293. New York Times; 294. New York Times; 295. New York Times; 296. New York Times; 297. New York Times; 298. New York Times; 299. New York Times; 300. New York Times; 301. New York Times; 302. New York Times; 303. New York Times; 304. New York Times; 305. New York Times; 306. New York Times; 307. New York Times; 308. New York Times; 309. New York Times; 310. New York Times; 311. New York Times; 312. New York Times; 313. New York Times; 314. New York Times; 315. New York Times; 316. New York Times; 317. New York Times; 318. New York Times; 319. New York Times; 320. New York Times; 321. New York Times; 322. New York Times; 323. New York Times; 324. New York Times; 325. New York Times; 326. New York Times; 327. New York Times; 328. New York Times; 329. New York Times; 330. New York Times; 331. New York Times; 332. New York Times; 333. New York Times; 334. New York Times; 335. New York Times; 336. New York Times; 337. New York Times; 338. New York Times; 339. New York Times; 340. New York Times; 341. New York Times; 342. New York Times; 343. New York Times; 344. New York Times; 345. New York Times; 346. New York Times; 347. New York Times; 348. New York Times; 349. New York Times; 350. New York Times; 351. New York Times; 352. New York Times; 353. New York Times; 354. New York Times; 355. New York Times; 356. New York Times; 357. New York Times; 358. New York Times; 359. New York Times; 360. New York Times; 361. New York Times; 362. New York Times; 363. New York Times; 364. New York Times; 365. New York Times; 366. New York Times; 367. New York Times; 368. New York Times; 369. New York Times; 370. New York Times; 371. New York Times; 372. New York Times; 373. New York Times; 374. New York Times; 375. New York Times; 376. New York Times; 377. New York Times; 378. New York Times; 379. New York Times; 380. New York Times; 381. New York Times; 382. New York Times; 383. New York Times; 384. New York Times; 385. New York Times; 386. New York Times; 387. New York Times; 388. New York Times; 389. New York Times; 390. New York Times; 391. New York Times; 392. New York Times; 393. New York Times; 394. New York Times; 395. New York Times; 396. New York Times; 397. New York Times; 398. New York Times; 399. New York Times; 400. New York Times; 401. New York Times; 402. New York Times; 403. New York Times; 404. New York Times; 405. New York Times; 406. New York Times; 407. New York Times; 408. New York Times; 409. New York Times; 410. New York Times; 411. New York Times; 412. New York Times; 413. New York Times; 414. New York Times; 415. New York Times; 416. New York Times; 417. New York Times; 418. New York Times; 419. New York Times; 420. New York Times; 421. New York Times; 422. New York Times; 423. New York Times; 424. New York Times; 425. New York Times; 426. New York Times; 427. New York Times; 428. New York Times; 429. New York Times; 430. New York Times; 431. New York Times; 432. New York Times; 433. New York Times; 434. New York Times; 435. New York Times; 436. New York Times; 437. New York Times; 438. New York Times; 439. New York Times; 440. New York Times; 441. New York Times; 442. New York Times; 443. New York Times; 444. New York Times; 445. New York Times; 446. New York Times; 447. New York Times; 448. New York Times; 449. New York Times; 450. New York Times; 451. New York Times; 452. New York Times; 453. New York Times; 454. New York Times; 455. New York Times; 456. New York Times; 457. New York Times; 458. New York Times; 459. New York Times; 460. New York Times; 461. New York Times; 462. New York Times; 463. New York Times; 464. New York Times; 465. New York Times; 466. New York Times; 467. New York Times; 468. New York Times; 469. New York Times; 470. New York Times; 471. New York Times; 472. New York Times; 473. New York Times; 474. New York Times; 475. New York Times; 476. New York Times; 477. New York Times; 478. New York Times; 479. New York Times; 480. New York Times; 481. New York Times; 482. New York Times; 483. New York Times; 484. New York Times; 485. New York Times; 486. New York Times; 487. New York Times; 488. New York Times; 489. New York Times; 490. New York Times; 491. New York Times; 492. New York Times; 493. New York Times; 494. New York Times; 495. New York Times; 496. New York Times; 497. New York Times; 498. New York Times; 499. New York Times; 500. New York Times; 501. New York Times; 502. New York Times; 503. New York Times; 504. New York Times; 505. New York Times; 506. New York Times; 507. New York Times; 508. New York Times; 509. New York Times; 510. New York Times; 511. New York Times; 512. New York Times; 513. New York Times; 514. New York Times; 515. New York Times; 516. New York Times; 517. New York Times; 518. New York Times; 519. New York Times; 520. New York Times; 521. New York Times; 522. New York Times; 523. New York Times; 524. New York Times; 525. New York Times; 526. New York Times; 527. New York Times; 528. New York Times; 529. New York Times; 530. New York Times; 531. New York Times; 532. New York Times; 533. New York Times; 534. New York Times; 535. New York Times; 536. New York Times; 537. New York Times; 538. New York Times; 539. New York Times; 540. New York Times; 541. New York Times; 542. New York Times; 543. New York Times; 544. New York Times; 545. New York Times; 546. New York Times; 547. New York Times; 548. New York Times; 549. New York Times; 550. New York Times; 551. New York Times; 552. New York Times; 553. New York Times; 554. New York Times; 555. New York Times; 556. New York Times; 557. New York Times; 558. New York Times; 559. New York Times; 560. New York Times; 561. New York Times; 562. New York Times; 563. New York Times; 564. New York Times; 565. New York Times; 566. New York Times; 567. New York Times; 568. New York Times; 569. New York Times; 570. New York Times; 571. New York Times; 572. New York Times; 573. New York Times; 574. New York Times; 575. New York Times; 576. New York Times; 577. New York Times; 578. New York Times; 579. New York Times; 580. New York Times; 581. New York Times; 582. New York Times; 583. New York Times; 584. New York Times; 585. New York Times; 586. New York Times; 587. New York Times; 588. New York Times; 589. New York Times; 590. New York Times; 591. New York Times; 592. New York Times; 593. New York Times; 594. New York Times; 595. New York Times; 596. New York Times; 597. New York Times; 598. New York Times; 599. New York Times; 600. New York Times; 601. New York Times; 602. New York Times; 603. New York Times; 604. New York Times; 605. New York Times; 606. New York Times; 607. New York Times; 608. New York Times; 609. New York Times; 610. New York Times; 611. New York Times; 612. New York Times; 613. New York Times; 614. New York Times; 615. New York Times; 616. New York Times; 617. New York Times; 618. New York Times; 619. New York Times; 620. New York Times; 621. New York Times; 622. New York Times; 623. New York Times; 624. New York Times; 625. New York Times; 626. New York Times; 627. New York Times; 628. New York Times; 629. New York Times; 630. New York Times; 631. New York Times; 632. New York Times; 633. New York Times; 634. New York Times; 635. New York Times; 636. New York Times; 637. New York Times; 638. New York Times; 639. New York Times; 640. New York Times; 641. New York Times; 642. New York Times; 643. New York Times; 644. New York Times; 645. New York Times; 646. New York Times; 647. New York Times; 648. New York Times; 649. New York Times; 650. New York Times; 651. New York Times; 652. New York Times; 653. New York Times; 654. New York Times; 655. New York Times; 656. New York Times; 657. New York Times; 658. New York Times; 659. New York Times; 660. New York Times; 661. New York Times; 662. New York Times; 663. New York Times; 664. New York Times; 665. New York Times; 666. New York Times; 667. New York Times; 668. New York Times; 669. New York Times; 670. New York Times; 671. New York Times; 672. New York Times; 673. New York Times; 674. New York Times; 675. New York Times; 676. New York Times; 677. New York Times; 678. New York Times; 679. New York Times; 680. New York Times; 681. New York Times; 682. New York Times; 683. New York Times; 684. New York Times; 685. New York Times; 686. New York Times; 687. New York Times; 688. New York Times; 689. New York Times; 690. New York Times; 691. New York Times; 692. New York Times; 693. New York Times; 694. New York Times; 695. New York Times; 696. New York Times; 697. New York Times; 698. New York Times; 699. New York Times; 700. New York Times; 701. New York Times; 702. New York Times; 703. New York Times; 704. New York Times; 705. New York Times; 706. New York Times; 707. New York Times; 708. New York Times; 709. New York Times; 710. New York Times; 711. New York Times; 712. New York Times; 713. New York Times; 714. New York Times; 715. New York Times; 716. New York Times; 717. New York Times; 718. New York Times; 719. New York Times; 720. New York Times; 721. New York Times; 722. New York Times; 723. New York Times; 724. New York Times; 725. New York Times; 726. New York Times; 727. New York Times; 728. New York Times; 729. New York Times; 730. New York Times; 731. New York Times; 732. New York Times; 733. New York Times; 734. New York Times; 735. New York Times; 736. New York Times; 737. New York Times; 738. New York Times; 739. New York Times; 740. New York Times; 741. New York Times; 742. New York Times; 743. New York Times; 744. New York Times; 745. New York Times; 746. New York Times; 747. New York Times; 748. New York Times; 749. New York Times; 750. New York Times; 751. New York Times; 752. New York Times; 753. New York Times; 754. New York Times; 755. New York Times; 756. New York Times; 757. New York Times; 758. New York Times; 759. New York Times; 760. New York Times; 761. New York Times; 762. New York Times; 763. New York Times; 764. New York Times; 765. New York Times; 766. New York Times; 767. New York Times; 768. New York Times; 769. New York Times; 770. New York Times; 771. New York Times; 772. New York Times; 773. New York Times; 774. New York Times; 775. New York Times; 776. New York Times; 777. New York Times; 778. New York Times; 779. New York Times; 780. New York Times; 781. New York Times; 782. New York Times; 783. New York Times; 784. New York Times; 785. New York Times; 786. New York Times; 787. New York Times; 788. New York Times; 789. New York Times; 790. New York Times; 791. New York Times; 792. New York Times; 793. New York Times; 794. New York Times; 795. New York Times; 796. New York Times; 797. New York Times; 798. New York Times; 799. New York Times; 800. New York Times; 801. New York Times; 802. New York Times; 803. New York Times; 804. New York Times; 805. New York Times; 806. New York Times; 807. New York Times; 808. New York Times; 809. New York Times; 810. New York Times; 811. New York Times; 812. New York Times; 813. New York Times; 814. New York Times; 815. New York Times; 816. New York Times; 817. New York Times; 818. New York Times; 819. New York Times; 820. New York Times; 821. New York Times; 822. New York Times; 823. New York Times; 824. New York Times; 825. New York Times; 826. New York Times; 827. New York Times; 828. New York Times; 829. New York Times; 830. New York Times; 831. New York Times; 832. New York Times; 833. New York Times; 834. New York Times; 835. New York Times; 836. New York Times; 837. New York Times; 838. New York Times; 839. New York Times; 840. New York Times; 841. New York Times; 842. New York Times; 843. New York Times; 844. New York Times; 845. New York Times; 846. New York Times; 847. New York Times; 848. New York Times; 849. New York Times; 850. New York Times; 851. New York Times; 852. New York Times; 853. New York Times; 854. New York Times; 855. New York Times; 856. New York Times; 857. New York Times; 858. New York Times; 859. New York Times; 860. New York Times; 861. New York Times; 862. New York Times; 863. New York Times; 864. New York Times; 865. New York Times; 866. New York Times; 867. New York Times; 868. New York Times; 869. New York Times; 870. New York Times; 871. New York Times; 872. New York Times; 873. New York Times; 874. New York Times; 875. New York Times; 876. New York Times; 877. New York Times; 878. New York Times; 879. New York Times; 880. New York Times; 881. New York Times; 882. New York Times; 883. New York Times; 884. New York Times; 885. New York Times; 886. New York Times; 887. New York Times; 888. New York Times; 889. New York Times; 890. New York Times; 891. New York Times; 892. New York Times; 893. New York Times; 894. New York Times; 895. New York Times; 896. New York Times; 897. New York Times; 898. New York Times; 899. New York Times; 900. New York Times; 901. New York Times; 902. New York Times; 903. New York Times; 904. New York Times; 905. New York Times; 906. New York Times; 907. New York Times; 908. New York Times; 909. New York Times; 910. New York Times; 911. New York Times; 912. New York Times; 913. New York Times; 914. New York Times; 915. New York Times; 916. New York Times; 917. New York Times; 918. New York Times; 919. New York Times; 920. New York Times; 921. New York Times; 922. New York Times; 923. New York Times; 924. New York Times; 925. New York Times; 926. New York Times; 927. New York Times; 928. New York Times; 929. New York Times; 930. New York Times; 931. New York Times; 932. New York Times; 933. New York Times; 934. New York Times; 935. New York Times; 936. New York Times; 937. New York Times; 938. New York Times; 939. New York Times; 940. New York Times; 941. New York Times; 942. New York Times; 943. New York Times; 944. New York Times; 945. New York Times; 946. New York Times; 947. New York Times; 948. New York Times; 949. New York Times; 950. New York Times; 951. New York Times; 952. New York Times; 953. New York Times; 954. New York Times; 955. New York Times; 956. New York Times; 957. New York Times; 958. New York Times; 959. New York Times; 960. New York Times; 961. New York Times; 962. New York Times; 963. New York Times; 964. New York Times; 965. New York Times; 966. New York Times; 967. New York Times; 968. New York Times; 969. New York Times; 970. New York Times; 971. New York Times; 972. New York Times; 973. New York Times; 974. New York Times; 975. New York Times; 976. New York Times; 977. New York Times; 978. New York Times; 979. New York Times; 980. New York Times; 981. New York Times; 982. New York Times; 983. New York Times; 984. New York Times; 985. New York Times; 986. New York Times; 987. New York Times; 988. New York Times; 989. New York Times; 990. New York Times; 991. New York Times; 992. New York Times; 993. New York Times; 994. New York Times; 995. New York Times; 996. New York Times; 997. New York Times; 998. New York Times; 999. New York Times; 1000. New York Times; 1001. New York Times; 1002. New York Times; 1003. New York Times; 1004. New York Times; 1005. New York Times; 1006. New York Times; 1007. New York Times; 1008. New York Times; 1009. New York Times; 1010. New York Times; 1011. New York Times; 1012. New York Times; 1013. New York Times; 1014. New York Times; 1015. New York Times; 1016. New York Times; 1017. New York Times; 1018. New York Times; 1019. New York Times; 1020. New York Times; 1021. New York Times; 1022. New York Times; 1023. New York Times; 1024. New York Times; 1025. New York Times; 1026. New York Times; 1027. New York Times; 1028. New York Times; 1029. New York Times; 1030. New York Times; 1031. New York Times; 1032. New York Times; 1033. New York Times; 1034. New York Times; 1035. New York Times; 1036. New York Times; 1037. New York Times; 1038. New York Times; 1039. New York Times; 1040. New York Times; 1041. New York Times; 1042. New York Times; 1043. New York Times; 1044. New York Times; 1045. New York Times; 1046. New York Times; 1047. New York Times; 1048. New York Times; 1049. New York Times; 1050. New York Times; 1051. New York Times; 1052. New York Times; 1053. New York Times; 1054. New York Times; 1055. New York Times; 1056. New York Times; 1057. New York Times; 1058. New York Times; 1059. New York Times; 1060. New York Times; 1061. New York Times; 1062. New York Times; 1063. New York Times; 1064. New York Times; 1065. New York Times; 1066. New York Times; 1067. New York Times; 1068. New York Times; 1069. New York Times; 1070. New York Times; 1071. New York Times; 1072. New York Times; 1073. New York Times; 1074. New York Times; 1075. New York Times; 1076. New York Times; 1077. New York Times; 1078. New York Times; 1079. New York Times; 1080. New York Times; 1081. New York Times; 1082. New York Times; 1083. New York Times; 1084. New York Times; 1085. New York Times; 1086. New York Times; 1087. New York Times; 1088. New York Times; 1089. New York Times; 1090. New York Times; 1091. New York Times; 1092. New York Times; 1093. New York Times; 1094. New York Times; 1095. New York Times; 1096. New York Times; 1097. New York Times; 1098. New York Times; 1099. New York Times; 1100. New York Times; 1101. New York Times; 1102. New York Times; 1103. New York Times; 1104. New York Times; 1105. New York Times; 1106. New York Times; 1107. New York Times; 1108. New York Times; 1109. New York Times; 1110. New York Times; 1111. New York Times; 1112. New York Times; 1113. New York Times; 1114. New

Ferraris swept the French Grand Prix at Rheims, but for nostalgic fans the real meaning of the race lay in the

BUGATTI COMEBACK

RHEIMS, FRANCE

In this rolling champagne country 100,000 fervent auto racing fans packed the stands and strained against the bulwarks enclosing a rain-soaked track. It was the day of the venerable French Grand Prix—a carnival day in any year, this time a historic day.

Out on the course roared sleek and powerful Ferraris, Maseratis, Vanwalls and Goedins and—ah, there it was—the new Bugatti 251. After four years of top-secret preparation, an expenditure of some \$250,000 and an outlay of 200,000 man-hours, the first postwar Bugatti was making its formal bow.

Bugatti! There have been faster, better, more luxurious and more popular automobiles since the horseless carriage was invented, but not the speediest Mercedes, the shiniest Rolls-Royce nor the tiniest, most utilitarian Model T ever aroused the kind of adoration inspired by Bugatti.

Bugatti's simple, rounded radiator with its red name plate has become an idol. The Bugatti factory, on a comfortable country estate near the old Alsatian town of Molsheim, has grown into a shrine at which machine-age pilgrims prostrate themselves.

Bugatti owners have been reputed to travel thousands of miles to find a single spare part and to hook the family heirlooms to reconstruct a chassis. One owner proudly boasted that he had spent his life's savings rebuilding an engine. Another, hysterically frightened at the possibility of an accident, refused to drive his Bugatti at night and had the headlights removed just to make sure he was not tempted.

In England the Bugatti Owners Club maintains a baronial mansion and a 1,000-yard private race track. It has promoted Bugatti trophies, devised Bugatti pennants, erected a Bugatti memorial gate and designed an official Bugatti timepiece in the shape of a Bugatti radiator. Two years ago the club members set out upon the heroic task of compiling the names, numbers, mechanical details and his-

tories of all the Bugattis in the world. They managed to collect data on 441 and are still appealing for information about the rest.

The origin of this mystical adoration goes back to Milan in September 1881, when Ettore Bugatti was born. The son of an artist, young Ettore's virtuoso tinkering produced first a motor-driven tricycle and then a successful automobile, a 1,300-pound four-cylinder car. In the early years of his development, Bugatti acquired a lifelong dislike for mass production. He often ignored public demands to the extent of insulting his customers. Once when a woman complained about the brakes on her Bugatti, he snapped: "Madam, I build my cars to go, not to stop."

Life really began for Bugatti on

Christmas Day, 1903, when he drove to Molsheim, rented an old dye works, whitewashed the walls and hung out his shingle. By the end of 1910 he had produced and sold five cars—cars, incidentally, which are still in existence—and had picked up his apt nickname, *Le Patron*. "I conceive the automobile," he would say. "The mechanics build it, but they are merely tools in my hands."

Beautifully designed, painstakingly assembled automobiles flowed from Molsheim in the three decades before World War II. Most famous of all was the enormous Type 41, *La Royale*. Its eight-cylinder engine weighed 170 pounds, had a displacement of 12,760 cc. and generated 800 hp at 1,700 revolutions per minute. Bugatti planned to build 30 of the \$40,000 mammoths but cut production to seven when the Depression came along.

While connoisseurs were flocking to buy Bugatti touring cars *Le Patron's* brilliant racing cars were earning laurels all over Europe. From 1925 to 1929, for example, Bugattis were invincible in the rugged Sicilian Targa Florio. The French Grand Prix fell to Bugatti five times (1926, 1928-1931). Though Bugatti won the 24-hour endurance gruel at Le Mans in 1937 and 1939, *Le Patron* never quite approved

continued on next page



NEW BUGATTI straight-eight, rear-engined race has Maurice Trintignant aboard in a tryout. Trintignant drove a twin road this week at Rheims in Bugatti's comeback.

of the race's sticky rules. One of his friends explained, "He felt it was like asking Rabens to paint a picture to fit a frame."

When the Germans occupied France in 1940 the factory was seized. It was never bombed, but the buildings decayed, and concrete air raid shelters were built in Bugatti's carefully manicured gardens.

After Etzore's death in 1947 the only remaining male in the family was his 25-year-old second son, Roland (the eldest, Jean, was killed testing a car in 1939). With Pierre Marco, onetime racing driver and colleague of *Le Polve*, Roland began piecing things together. By 1949 Bugatti was doing a \$1 million-a-year business.

The day Bugatti lovers were praying for began to dawn in 1962 when Marco tapped Italian Engineer Giacchino Colombo, then handling production for the Alfa Romeo firm, for plans for a new Grand Prix car. Colombo came up with the rear-engined 261. Powered by a straight-eight, 2.5-liter engine that produced 230 hp at 8,600 rpm and possibly 275 to 280 hp at 9,000, the car had four Weber carburetors, hydraulic disc brakes and a revolutionary independent suspension system. The engine was set athwart the chassis.

For months it was doubtful that the new Bugatti would be ready for Rheims 1966, its cautiously advertised debut. Then a few weeks ago Maurice Trintignant, a 39-year-old winemaker who

races for fun, tried out the car at Rheims. He averaged slightly over 112 mph on his fastest tour of the 5.2-mile circuit. "The motor's unbeatable," Trintignant said, but in reality the car was not going fast enough.

Feverish work at Molsheim failed to iron out a major flaw. The positioning of fuel tanks midway on each side of the fuselage somehow threw the car off balance and made winning speeds impossible.

PATRIOTIC DRIVER

Proudly French, Trintignant had refused a Ferrari contract this year so that he could have the honor of introducing the first postwar Bugatti. But he was not hopeful as he walked out on the track last weekend before the immense Grand Prix throng.

"I'll try a few laps," he said, "and see what gives."

A few laps, sadly, was all the Bugatti could give. From the very beginning the race belonged to Ferrari. Peter Collins romped home first over the 61 laps with a course-record average speed of 121.16 mph. Ferrari's Eugenio Castellotti was only three-tenths of a second slower. Then came Jean Behra in a Maserati and World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio in another Ferrari. Trintignant kept his Bugatti working for 18 laps—better, really, than was expected.

The main thing was that Bugatti was back. No true believer would doubt that the pale blue car would again be showing its exhaust to the opposition one of these days. (C. N. R.)



'All we need now, Fred, is an electric kitchen'

Most men (the brutes) would be willing to settle for a butler and a maid. But women! Not on your tiskype. They won't relent until they have a Hotpoint electric kitchen (and laundry!) as well.

Fair enough. Isn't this a woman's world? It is in a Hotpoint kitchen, where a woman has everything her own way: dishwashers that do everything but select the pattern; refrigerators and freezers that understand how a woman feels about food storage; ranges and ovens with a real feeling for fine cuisine. And all of them fully automatic, colorful as all color does, free-standing or built-in.

Get with it, Fred. Naturally she needs a Hotpoint electric kitchen—and laundry, too. What woman doesn't? There's a dealer waiting near you. Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44.

electric kitchens and
laundries by
Hotpoint



Britain, says the expert of London's "Sunday Times,"

reacted with one voice to our Canada Cup victory:

HOORAY FOR HOGAN

WESTWORTH, ENGLAND

THE TOURNAMENT for the Canada Cup, departing from North America for the first time in its five years of existence, was by every standard a resounding success. Tens of thousands saw Hogan for the first and presumably last time in their lives, the sun blazed down on the Westworth course for three successive days and the right team won. Almost the only person who had cause to remember the occasion with mixed feelings was the man who had his head cut open with a high slice of Sam Snead's—one of a good many, incidentally.

The occasion was indisputably made by Ben Hogan. In sophisticated areas around London, people fight shy of watching golf in large herds. "Probably a most frightful mob," they say—and stay away. This was something different. Whatever it cost them in blood, toil, sweat and sheer exhaustion, they were going to see this man play, if only for the fact that otherwise they would for years to come be at the mercy of beady-eyed beer pinning

them down in a corner with "What? You never saw Hogan? My dear fellow, let me tell you. . . ."

There was another, more warmly human, side to it. Hogan's story is as familiar in this country as in the States. People knew quite well that he would have exhausted himself in the U.S. Open eight days previous and that the Canada Cup with two rounds on the final day would be a grueling physical experience. They knew that there was no possible need, moral or financial, for him to subject himself to these rigors. When he chose to do so they took him genuinely to their hearts. Rarely since the days of Bobby Jones can a man have been followed by so many people wishing him so sincerely well, and I believe that beneath the inscrutable mask he was really touched by the warmth of his welcome. In return he put on for his 18,000-strong reception committee the show of a lifetime.

The west course at Westworth at its full stretch of nearly 7,000 yards is at any time a tough proposition. I do not know who first christened it the Bornea

Road, but by this name it is known among the professionals, although a school of thought prevailed before the contest that the appellation ought to be played down for fear of offending the Japanese! In layout it resembles the best American country club courses like Pine Valley or Winged Foot but with tracts of tough heather between the fairways and the woods and of course the closer-cropped turf and faster greens characteristic of golf in Britain. It was the scene of the 1933 Ryder Cup match, which Britain failed to win only by a couple of five-foot putts.

This year's Canada Cup contest was the first public golfing event to be played on the Sabbath. If Lord Cedray in his ancestral park could charge people 10 shillings to watch the Duke of Edinburgh play polo on a Sunday afternoon, it was held, why should not the public be permitted to pay the same to watch the representatives of 59 nations assembled for the purpose of international good will? The normally troublesome Lord's Day Observance Society held its peace, and all was well. Long before midday the people were rolling up in thousands.

One man at the gate sold single-handed 1,900 copies of the program—a lavish affair of which five tons had been printed in Switzerland, flown by two chartered Dakotas and conveyed to Westworth by truck from an airport on the other side of London.

Inevitably, almost the entire crowd attached itself to a quartet which contained not only Hogan but, for good measure, the copybook stylist Sam

continued on next page

EXPLOSION OF SMOKE MARKS THE BALL'S FLIGHT AS ALL-CONQUERING HOGAN HITS OUT OF FIFTH FAIRWAY BANNER DURING THE FINAL DAY





TIP FROM THE TOP



for all golfers, high-handicap players particularly

from **GRAHAM ROSS**, Dallas Athletic Club C.C.

The balance and feel of a golf club are transmitted to the player through the hands. Few golfers understand as clearly as they should which parts of the palm and fingers do the actual gripping. To put it another way, they remain hazy about which muscles of the hand hold the club, exert the pressure and, by their position and action, initiate the golf swing and influence its execution.

In regard to the left hand's grip on the shaft, I should like to propose that a golfer think for a minute about the way he picks up a pitcher of water. The last three fingers of your hand grip the handle of the pitcher. They're the ones that lift it and hold it. The thumb and index finger, however, are relaxed—you could hold a pencil or a golf ball between them and your grip on the pitcher wouldn't be affected. That is how you should grip the golf club with the left hand. The last three fingers provide the power to lift and swing the club; they remain glued to the shaft. The thumb and index finger are applied to the shaft much more lightly. They provide as little or as much pressure as is necessary on those shots where touch is important.

Graham Ross illustrates the correct left-hand grip



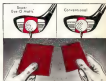
NEXT WEEK: BETTY JAMISON ON SECURING THE STANCE IN TRAPS

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

Super
EYE-O-MATIC
TOURNEY
WOODS



Big, New dimensions for more distance and improved accuracy . . . Hitting area increased more than one-half inch.



Super Eye-O-Matic Conventional

Now when a ball is compressed against the club face, it touches only face, not face and wood. Result: More uniform "feel", shot after shot.



Easier to align ball. Exclusive design of face insert helps set up exact direction you want ball to go. It's an automatic improvement in accuracy.

Convenient for power. Secret of a long wood shot is built in '26 Super Eye-O-Matic. Only MacGregor experience makes the bulge exactly right.

Super Eye-O-Matic Woods—masterpieces of the clubmaker's art, created by Tony Penna, world's foremost club designer. At all pro shops now.

MacGregor

THE WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS GOLF CLUBS
ARE MADE BY MACGREGOR

Record books and the facts of life should remind horsemen that Delaware was right in thrice putting

FILLIES FIRST

JUST BECAUSE a filly doesn't win the Kentucky Derby or go around smashing world records, her name won't be as widely acclaimed as Swaps or Citation. That is an injustice for which horsemen, otherwise as gallant a segment of the population as any, are responsible. Yet the basis for this whole industry is breeding—and without first-class mares on the country's breeding farms, what does a breeder prove by owning a million-dollar stallion?

Major filly and mare races, which are just as important to a breeder as the Belmont Stakes, just haven't been exploited as much as they deserve in relation to their tremendous influence. Mares aren't usually familiar to the general public until one of them develops into such an outstanding racer that she becomes a very special sort of celebrity. Thus a man who may have no idea of how many fillies have started in the Derby will nonetheless remember the name of Regret, for she was the only filly ever to win it. Similarly he may, upon mention of the name Bewitch, recall that this great daughter of Bull Lea still holds the money-earning record (\$462,695) for any race mare. The names of Twilight Tear and Busher should ring a bell too, for both of them in the mid-80s were voted horse-of-the-year honors.

Fillies and mares race, of course, for the same reason as colts, and although the majority of them lack the physical strength to compete on equal terms with the better colts, the owner of a filly is vitally interested in determining his filly's racing class and her qualities of speed and stamina, for these are the factors which will relate directly to her future value as a desirable brood mare. With racing growing by leaps and bounds, there is always a market for good mares, and the choosy buyer will give special attention to a mare whose racing career included a few notable stakes victories. Likewise a buyer at the Keeneland sales later this month and at Saratoga in August will probably be more impressed if the yearling

of his choice is out of a rease of proved racing ability rather than out of an unnamed mare, no matter what success may have been enjoyed by the yearling's granddam or great-granddam.

Where, then, does the owner with a good filly or mare take her for the best tests and the proper recognition? In recent years Delaware Park has become the best place to go, and it has done more than any track in the country to build up distaff racing. Delaware Park's General Manager Bryan Field says, "There was double motivation behind our filly and mare program. Our track was being hurt by the overlapping racing dates of tracks in neighboring states, and about the only way we could figure to get around—or overcome—this serious intrusion was to offer horsemen something really smashing and big. Secondly, most of Delaware Park's directors are connected with the breeding end of racing. So, out of all this collective thought and study, came a perfect solution: we would put on a series of three filly and mare races for a total value of a quarter of a million dollars, and the best would be sure to show up."

The series, which soon came to be

known as the Distaff Big Three, has received the blessings of such influential local horsemen as William DuPont, Donald Ross, Walter Neffords and George Widener. And to add to the growing interest in the buildup of filly and mare races, the track recently polled the membership of the American Trainers Association to draw up a list of the 10 greatest race mares of all time. The list (see bar) contains some of the great names in American racing which influenced breeding long after their racing days were over.

DISTAFF UPSETS

Quite aside from the general subject of distaff racing for a minute, this chart shows so acutely how tremendous has been the increase in purse distribution in recent years. Look, for instance, at the record of Regret, who won nine of 11 starts including the Derby—and yet her winnings only totaled \$15,668. The fifth name on the list, Miss Woodford, was the first American racer of either sex to earn \$100,000, but look at the number of victories she had to achieve to reach that goal. And how about the last name on the list, Emp, who started an unbelievable 171 times—winning 62 races—and still only earned \$70,119.

Trainers, incidentally, are going to be polled annually from now on to discover if they feel there are any active race mares who deserve to make the select list.

The 1986 Distaff Big Three provided Delaware Park patrons some pretty exciting racing—and some exciting upsets. The first was the Oaks, for 3-year-old fillies only, at a mile and an eighth. In this one King Ranch's Dotted

10 GREATEST RACE MARES

A recent nationwide pole of trainers produced the following listing of the 10 greatest American race mares of all time.

Name	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Won
1 Gallarette (faded in 1942)	32	28	29	13	\$445,525
2 Twilight Tear (1942)	24	18	2	2	202,165
3 Regret (1912)	11	9	1	0	38,693
4 Top Flight (1928)	16	12	9	0	275,906
5 Miss Woodford (1888)	48	37	7	2	118,279
6 Basher (1942)	32	15	3	8	334,033
7 Boldness (1901)	32	17	6	4	102,539
8 Princess Doreen (1922)	94	34	15	17	174,745
9 Bewitch (1942)	85	39	39	11	452,660
10 Emp (1946)	171	62	35	29	70,119

Line, a well-beaten sixth behind Leves and Princess Turia in the Coaching Club Oaks at Belmont, turned the tables on her conquerors, winning by a neck. A week later, the New Castle at a mile and a sixteenth found Calumet's Miss Clementine in front the whole way to beat Searching, Myrtle's Jet and nine others.

Last weekend the victors of the first two races clamored for the big money, a gross purse of \$156,560, of which over \$100,000 would go to the winner of the Delaware Handicap. But *Min Clementine* and *Dotted Line* weren't the only runners to show up. Some 13 other fillies and mares came out to challenge them, and in the field were last year's Delaware winner, *Faith*, and that gallant gray, *High Voltage*. Also down from New York where she hadn't started since winning up seventh in the *Top Flight Handicap* over a month ago, was Mrs. Isabel Dodge Stowe's 4-year-old bay filly *Flower Bowl*, a daughter of *Alibhai* out of *Flower Bed*. Somehow the crowd let *Flower Bowl* get away at 16-to-1 odds. And somehow *Flower Bowl* tossed 'em all. While *Min Clementine*, *Faith* and *Blue Sparkler* fought it out for the first mile of this mile-and-a-quarter race, *Flower Bowl* was coasting along in 12th position. Sixth at the head of the stretch, *Jeckey Logan Bachelier* gave her the word, and at the wire it was *Flower Bowl* by two lengths over *Marottek*, with *Open Seams* third.

There may be better fillies than Flower Bowl around, but I doubt if there will be any more thrilling renewals of the Delaware Handicap. And if Flower Bowl never steps into the winner's circle again, there may well be some day a breeder knocking on Mrs. Sloan's door to say, "I want to breed a mare of proved ability. Your Flower Bowl showed me in the 1956 Delaware Handicap that she has speed, stamina and heart. That's all I need to know."

It is not unusual for the owner of the mare to seek the services of the best available stallion, at a fee which may run up to \$10,000. Then the foal remains in the possession of the owner of the mare. Mrs. Sloane will have no trouble getting the best of sires for her filly when Flower Bowl is retired to the Brooklands Farm, Upperville, Va., as she probably will be in two or three years. A career of many years could follow during which Flower Bowl can provide a major boost for Virginia breeding. Thus a race which may be quickly forgotten by the public can have incalculable long-range effects on the whole breed and industry.

"The big thing about BAG BOY is...

...IT
MAKES GOLF
MORE FUN™

Elisa Demaree
Public Speaking
Professor of English



You'll get more fun out of golf with an easy rolling Bag Boy. From the wheels up, Bag Boy is designed to take the work out of golf. You play more relaxed and refreshed.

BAG BOY HAS REVOLUTIONARY MO-GRIP TIRE... wider, smoother tires designed just for Bag Boy. Nearly double the width of ordinary golf cart tires, they tend to float (like pool noodles) on top of the turf. These revolutionary tires, coupled with carry-roll ball bearing wheels, shock-smoothing springs that eliminate bounce and jounce, and the new flared (no-tireside) handle make the '78 models the easiest riding Bag Boys we ever built.

SEE YOUR GOLF PRO, SPORTING GOODS OR DEPARTMENT STORE
for a free color photo and information from this feature. There's nothing better
than the look of your golf bag, and you'll want something that's as good as the
game. Please, make it yours. Also we're on the look for a golf pro to
feature. Send us your photo and name. Make it: **DAVID WILLIAMS, CO.**
and 5000 Old Country Road, Flushing, Queens.

SPORTS OF ANDREW JACKSON
p2 in a Series
SPORTS OF THE PRESIDENTS
in Next Week's
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Has your pet
SMILED
at you lately?

You'll be Fido's favorite play-up if you get him a can of VICHONAIR. Squirtor's vitamins and mineral supplement made especially for pets. Helps keep his coat shining, appetite keen, bones strong. Fast for cats, birds too. VICHONAIR is sold by

FIGURE 11.11. *Spina bifida* and *muscular atrophy*.

VIONATE

SQUIBB...A NAME FOR CONFIDENCE



**Speedy, Sure treatment
for Athlete's foot!**

OCTOFEN

THE ONLY FOOT
FUNGICIDE TO EARN
THIS ENDORSEMENT



Rapid clinical clearing of extremely stubborn cases proves OCTOGEN most reliable and quick. Under laboratory conditions, kills the fungi on 2 minutes contact. Yet non-caustic or irritating (except in unusual cases of allergic reaction). Be safe, get the best—the preparation that specialists endorse: OCTOGEN, at your druggist: 4 fluid-oz., \$3. Not cheap, but well worth the relief and protection you get!

LIQUID: OCTOBER
CLARET: 11.11.11

IN POWDERED FORM
PREVENTS IT!

For professional best care,
consult your chiropodist or podiatrist.

A product of
McKESSON & ROBBINS



THE ALL-STAR IDEA

continued from page 14

a late date. Frick could not wash his hands of the voting; after all, this was a major feature of the second biggest annual event (after the World Series) of the game he presided over. There had to be a vote; everyone expected it. But it was like trying to find a home for 17 newly born kittens the night before you leave for the country on your summer vacation. Frick, to his great credit, did not panic. He didn't drown a kitten. Instead, he hurriedly consulted with experts in the field, enlisted highly competent assistance and announced that the commissioner's office would handle the task of counting the votes. Considering the date the job was thrust upon him, the widespread but largely unintentional lack of cooperation given him, and the complications of soliciting, collecting and counting the votes, the result was a near miracle of efficiency.

But the total vote cast was about a 10th of that announced in previous years by the Chicago Tribune's election board. And great dispositions in voting—such as that from Cincinnati where an alert radio station did a splendid job of publicizing the game, the method of voting and the Cincinnati Redlegs, so much so that five Redlegs won starting positions and three others finished second—brought about a blistering tornado of criticism. If you insist on keeping this silly game, the critics said, and this silly idea of voting for players, then the solution is to give the vote back to the 16 managers. Let them pick the teams.

The voices were loud and the word spread. Possibly in 1957 their sugges-

tion will be followed. But hope not. For managers by nature are expedient men, with a good deal more at stake in the pennant races after the All-Star Game than in the game itself. They have their own arm-wary pickers to consider and their own slumping or ailing batters, all of whom could use a few days' rest. Any selection they make would be as open to huzzing criticism as the public poll is now.

A solution appears to present itself, one that is both sufficiently novel and sufficiently familiar to maintain a high publicity value; one that would do away with the enormous task of obtaining and counting millions of votes but which maintains the desired feature of continued voting returns over the month preceding the game.

This is the idea:

In the week following June 15 (the trading deadline) when team rosters are pretty well set for the year, simple ballots that have been distributed to club publicity men by the commissioner's office will be given individually to each player, coach and manager on the team's official roster. Each individual will fill out his opponents' team for his league, one man at each position in the field and three pitchers. He can vote for no one on his own team. His vote should be individual and unaltered; a rule that should be stressed when ballots are sent to the publicity men. The player will sign his ballot but will be assured that his vote will be kept confidential. Ballots will be individually sealed and forwarded, uncounted, by the publicity men to the commissioner's office



WALTER JOHNSON won 514 games, was an All-Star before the All-Star idea began.

for tabulation. The votes will be counted under the commissioner's authority in the same way as they were this year: votes for each player will be for the position he was playing on June 16, the first day of the poll. The managers will pick the remaining 14 players to fill out the squad of 25.

To build up interest during the three or four weeks from the start of the poll to All-Star time, the tabulators will determine each team's all-opponent team and release all 18 at regular intervals, accompanying each with a report on the progress of the voting for the All-Star teams to that point. This certainly should provide plenty of red meat for fans, players and writers to chew on.

Further, a sum of \$30,000 will be held out of the All-Star Game receipts. After the game each man on the winning team will be awarded \$1,000;

HIGHLIGHT

Most kids practice—and have been taught by—sandlot tricks like holding the ball and decrying a base runner with phantom fielding. In the major leagues, though, it is presumed that players are immune to such stratagems. Once or twice every season they show they are not, thereby adding fun to the game.

Thus, last week, in a tilt between the Yankees and the Athletics, a sandlot trick executed by professionals became a thing of beauty and joy to New York fans. With one out in the fourth inning and the score tied, Kansas City's 19-year-old second baseman Clete Boyer was on first base. The hit-and-run sign was flashed, and Boyer was off running. Batter Joe DeMaestri lifted a routine pop fly to the left side of the

infield. Most of the 22,000 Kansas City fans watched Yankee third baseman Andy Carey snap under the fly. But on the other side of the infield, young Boyer was sliding frantically into second base. Carey caught the ball and threw to first for an easy double play and the inning was over.

The play the fans saw as DeMaestri hit the ball was entirely different from the play Boyer thought was going on. Running with his head down, he saw Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto take a throw from second baseman Billy Martin, pivot neatly across second and throw on to first. It was a "phantom" double play. Boyer realized he had been tricked only after completing his hard slide. He then became thoroughly confused. He thought the ball might have gone to the

outfield and started back toward first. When he did finally see the elusive ball it was in the glove of the grinning Yankee first baseman, Joe Collins.

"Everyone tries once in a while to get away with this sort of thing, especially when you have a young kid on the bases," Billy Martin later said, almost apologetically. "But it rarely works out this successfully. You anticipate a play like this. I saw he wasn't watching the ball and made out like I was scooping it up." Billy grinned. "Phil really put the freeze on the play with that pivot and leap."

The embarrassed Boyer declared, "You really learn by that kind of mistake." And then he added grudgingly: "It won't happen again."

each team would have to be content with \$100. The edge of competition would be provided not so much by the idea of winning \$1,000, but rather in the dramatic difference between winning \$1,000 and \$100. Prize would enter here and both victory and defeat would take on more of a personal meaning.

Though all this would be a refreshing addition to the baseball scene, it is unlikely that the results of a player poll would be much different from a fan poll, for the players are essentially fans at heart. They root, usually for themselves and their own teams, but sometimes, too, for a player who has an exceptional talent, like Ted Williams or Bob Friend, or who has a special sort of universal appeal, like Joe DiMaggio.

Walter Johnson, who pitched and won hundreds of games in Griffith Stadium but who retired from an active pitching career long before the first All-Star Game was played, was one who had the universal respect and affection of his contemporaries. In any vote of players during his era, Johnson would have been the starting pitcher in All-Star Game after All-Star Game. The players voting for him would have been eager to see him in the game, to see him pitch against unfamiliar batters, to watch him duel with the current crop of upstart hitters in the other league. When you vote for a man you root for him and you play harder behind him.

Right now, for instance, most major leaguers have really only a mild interest in the interesting baseball problem that will be presented on All-Star day: how well will the newly risen Cincinnati stars fare against the good American League pitching. But if the players themselves had voted for the Red Sox starters and the pitchers who will oppose them, how much more intense would be the interest in the game. Far from feeling left out, the fan, who spends his dollar, after all, for entertainment, will eagerly watch to see how sound a choice the true experts have made.

Then maybe the jeers and catcalls from the press box would quiet, and the game would at last be accepted for what it is, an integral and desirable part of every baseball season and a valuable contribution to the lore of the game.

Even now the crust of mergeable performance overlying the dry statistical structure of the past 22 All-Star Games is an indelible part of baseball memory. The oddities include Babe

Ruth's 1933 home run in their ripertoire, and Carl Hubbell's strikeouts in 1934. Dixie Dean's broken toe in 1937 is now thought of as a legitimate tragedy rather than an accident incurred in a meaningless game. Ted Williams' game-winning homer in 1941 and his tearful performance in 1946 are as valid a part of his reputation as his .406 average and his four batting championships. Stan Musial's greatness was never more dramatically evident than in the home run he hit in last year's game to win it in the 12th inning.

The point is that the All-Star Game is a rich, warm, necessary part of baseball, and it would be a terrible shame if petty criticisms of its vulnerable defects caused it to be abandoned. Baseball people sometimes write or speak drivel about baseball being "the personification of America," or that baseball is "democracy in action," and other equally vague phrases that make it sound as though the right to play baseball had been written into the Constitution. That's nonsense. Baseball is just a game. But it is a marvelous game that has become woven into the

conscious life of almost every American male and a good many females. The All-Star idea is a distillation of baseball at its best, and it has real meaning.

I know that my grandfather played shortstop for the Mount Vernon All-Stars in 1892. I learned this as a boy from a tired old clipping I found in someone's bureau drawer. The headline read: MOUNT VERNON ALL-STARS DEFEAT WAKEFIELD 200, 23 21. I knew where Wakefield was, but I have never found out what the "200" signified. I did realize at the time from the score that it was something less than a perfect exhibition of baseball, and age later made me accept the fact that my grandfather, at 24, married and a father, had most likely been playing in a Sunday-picnic-bash-for-the-winners ball game, with the names of the teams a spur-of-the-moment joke.

But nothing, not age nor understanding, can erase from memory the thrill a boy felt when he discovered that the cranky, chummy-eyed old man with the cap, gray mustache and corn-cob pipe had once been an all-star shortstop. (E.M.B.)

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	ERA
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Boston	4-2	258	134-20	11	3.00
Cincinnati	3-0	74	129-20	9	2.00
New York	4-2	67	127-20	9	2.00
St. Louis	2-3	502	128-20	11	3.00
St. Paul	4-4	678	127-20	7	3.00
Philadelphia	3-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Chicago	3-4	286	129-20	9	3.00
Pittsburgh	1-5	187	127-20	9	3.00
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
New York	5-1	87	131-20	11	3.00
Cleveland	3-2	74	129-20	9	3.00
Boston	4-2	67	129-20	9	3.00
Detroit	2-3	388	129-20	10	3.00
Washington	3-3	388	129-20	7	3.00
Chicago	1-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Baltimore	1-5	361	129-20	9	3.00
St. Louis	1-4	193	129-20	1	3.00

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	ERA
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Boston	4-2	258	134-20	11	3.00
Cincinnati	3-0	74	129-20	9	2.00
New York	4-2	67	127-20	9	2.00
St. Louis	2-3	502	128-20	11	3.00
St. Paul	4-4	678	127-20	7	3.00
Philadelphia	3-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Chicago	3-4	286	129-20	9	3.00
Pittsburgh	1-5	187	127-20	9	3.00
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
New York	5-1	87	131-20	11	3.00
Cleveland	3-2	74	129-20	9	3.00
Boston	4-2	67	129-20	9	3.00
Detroit	2-3	388	129-20	10	3.00
Washington	3-3	388	129-20	7	3.00
Chicago	1-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Baltimore	1-5	361	129-20	9	3.00
St. Louis	1-4	193	129-20	1	3.00

HEROES AND GOATS

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	ERA
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Boston	4-2	258	134-20	11	3.00
Cincinnati	3-0	74	129-20	9	2.00
New York	4-2	67	127-20	9	2.00
St. Louis	2-3	502	128-20	11	3.00
St. Paul	4-4	678	127-20	7	3.00
Philadelphia	3-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Chicago	3-4	286	129-20	9	3.00
Pittsburgh	1-5	187	127-20	9	3.00
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
New York	5-1	87	131-20	11	3.00
Cleveland	3-2	74	129-20	9	3.00
Boston	4-2	67	129-20	9	3.00
Detroit	2-3	388	129-20	10	3.00
Washington	3-3	388	129-20	7	3.00
Chicago	1-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Baltimore	1-5	361	129-20	9	3.00
St. Louis	1-4	193	129-20	1	3.00

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	ERA
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Boston	4-2	258	134-20	11	3.00
Cincinnati	3-0	74	129-20	9	2.00
New York	4-2	67	127-20	9	2.00
St. Louis	2-3	502	128-20	11	3.00
St. Paul	4-4	678	127-20	7	3.00
Philadelphia	3-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Chicago	3-4	286	129-20	9	3.00
Pittsburgh	1-5	187	127-20	9	3.00
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
New York	5-1	87	131-20	11	3.00
Cleveland	3-2	74	129-20	9	3.00
Boston	4-2	67	129-20	9	3.00
Detroit	2-3	388	129-20	10	3.00
Washington	3-3	388	129-20	7	3.00
Chicago	1-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Baltimore	1-5	361	129-20	9	3.00
St. Louis	1-4	193	129-20	1	3.00

THE ROBBIES

Team	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	ERA
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Boston	4-2	258	134-20	11	3.00
Cincinnati	3-0	74	129-20	9	2.00
New York	4-2	67	127-20	9	2.00
St. Louis	2-3	502	128-20	11	3.00
St. Paul	4-4	678	127-20	7	3.00
Philadelphia	3-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Chicago	3-4	286	129-20	9	3.00
Pittsburgh	1-5	187	127-20	9	3.00
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
New York	5-1	87	131-20	11	3.00
Cleveland	3-2	74	129-20	9	3.00
Boston	4-2	67	129-20	9	3.00
Detroit	2-3	388	129-20	10	3.00
Washington	3-3	388	129-20	7	3.00
Chicago	1-4	428	129-20	9	3.00
Baltimore	1-5	361	129-20	9	3.00
St. Louis	1-4	193	129-20	1	3.00

OLYMPIAN NEIGHBORS

continued from page 9

both. And when they reached the stretch, it was Courtney who had the kick left. "Usually, Arnie is passing me on that last straightaway," he grinned later. "Today I thought as I went past, 'Now it's my turn!'"

And it was Courtney won by four yards in a new American record time of 1:46.4; Sewell ran 1:46.9 and both Spierier and Stanley drove up to catch and pass Whitfield before the finish line.

The two other major records, while unimpressive by international standards perhaps, were still fine performances nonetheless. One was the 14:26 flat 5,000-meter race run by Oregon's handsome little Bill Dellinger, which was an American record ("He will be under 14 minutes before the year is out," said his coach). The other was the American citizen's record of 51 feet 4½ inches in the hop, step and jump by Ira Davis, from La Salle.

There were surprises, of course. Fred Dwyer and Bobby Soaman, America's two fastest miler in the absence of the uninvited Wes Santee, both failed to qualify in the 1,500 meters, which was won in the quite acceptable time of 3:47.6 by surprising home town boy Jerome Walters.

But mostly, it was a meet which ran according to form. There was, for example, the shotgun. The world's three 60-footers, Olympic Champion Perry O'Brien, NCAA and AAU Champion Ken Bantum of Manhattan and Kansas Bill Nieder, the national collegiate record holder, all made the place to Melbourne. (Although O'Brien was the

only one to get over 99 feet.) In the hammer, America's three ranking stars, the only three to get past 200 feet, mounted the victory stand together: Al Hall of Cornell, Cliff Blair of Boston U and the steady veteran, Harold Connolly of the Boston AA. Jack Davis who has a world record of 13.4 up for recognition, and Lee Calhoun, who beat him the week before at Bakerville, ran a photofinish dead heat in the 210-meter high hurdles.

In the javelin, it was Olympic Champion Cy Young and NCAA Champion Phil Conley; in the pole vault the remarkable Reverend Bob Richards, over 15 feet once more; in the discus happy-go-lucky Fortune Gordien, the world record holder and, at 38, all frisky to get down to Australia and take his third try at winning an Olympic title as well; and the two broad jumpers who have been consistently the best in the nation for two years and who fittingly enough ended up in a tie at 25 feet 8½ inches at the Coliseum, Greg Bell and John Bennett.

Some, of course, missed. Who will forget the tragic picture of Dave Sims limping across the track to fall on his knees and elbows on the infield grass while Morrow flashed away on down the white-lined straightaway toward the Olympic Games. Dave Sims, who had pulled a groin muscle two weeks before the trials and was never able to run, even in practice, at more than half speed. When he crouched at his blocks in the 100 heat on Friday, it was the first start he had attempted

in two weeks. It was probably just as well. At the first stride, the muscle pulled again and by the end of five he was through. The fans said what a shame, but another eastern runner who had been watching Sims all year told the story better than they. "Now," he said, "these people out here will never really know—or ever believe—how great he really was."

And there was Ernie Shelton, the man who has come closer to jumping seven feet more times than any athlete alive, but now just one of those who will remain behind in November. Ernie Shelton, trudging dejectedly head down across the field toward the dressing room with sawdust in his hair and what could have been perspiration rolling down his cheeks. And there was Bud Held, walking off the field carrying his beloved javelin which once set a world record but, last week, was one gigantic inch short of sailing quite far enough; Don Bragg, the second highest pole vaulter in history, standing by the pit with his injured leg heavily bandaged and half-heartedly arguing that the wind had blown his pole against the standard on his third failure at 14 feet 8½; and Aubrey Lewis, the Notre Dame football star from New Jersey who beat Davis at Berkeley, and might have again, sprawled on the track after hitting the final hurdle in his preliminary heat and failing even to reach the finals. "It has been," said Lewis later, looking around him at Sims and Bragg and Dwyer, "a tough weekend for New Jersey."

And while there was nothing tragic about two men who have gained glory such as few athletes will ever achieve and who even then had just made their final efforts both thrilling and strong, it was a little sad to watch Whitfield grin and shake his head after the 800 meters and Old Bones Dillard trot back up the track for the last time after finishing sixth in the high hurdles and wave pleasantly to the thousands who rose and cheered as he went by.

But really there was little room for sadness. The younger and the stronger and the physically fit had survived, and when they gathered in the middle of the field for the closing ceremonies and their introduction to the crowd as the members of the 1954 United States Olympic track and field team, no one even looked scared any more. Not even Eddie Southern, who in his 18-year-old wisdom could look back at the two days, look around him at his teammates—and relax with a big grin, knowing that it was now time for the rest of the world to worry about him. (CME)



DOWN AND OUT. Dave Sims sprawls helplessly on the infield grass as injured left leg (see bandage) gives way at the start of race, making his race's most tragic casualty.

PASSENGER'S MANIFEST TO MELBOURNE

100 METERS

1. Bobby Morrow (Athlete Christian)
Winning time: 16.3
Olympic record: 16.3
2. Ira Murclaw (U.S. Army)
3. Thane Baker (U.S. Air Force)
4. Leamon King (Cal.) (Relay)

200 METERS

1. Bobby Morrow (Athlete Christian)
Winning time: 35.6
Olympic record: 35.7
2. Thane Baker (U.S. Air Force)
3. Andy Stanfield (N.Y. Pioneer)

400 METERS

1. Lou Jones (U.S. Army)
Winning time: 45.2
Olympic record: 45.2
2. Jim Lea (U.S. Air Force)
3. Charley Jenkins (Villanova)
4. J.W. Mauburn (Ola. A&M) (Relay)

800 METERS

1. Tom Courtney (U.S. Army)
Winning time: 1:46.4
Olympic record: 1:45.2
2. Arnie Sewell (Pitt)
3. Les Sparrier (U.S. Air Force)

1,600 METERS

1. Jerome Walker (SC Striders)
Winning time: 3:47.8
Olympic record: 3:45.2
2. Ted Wheeler (Iowa)
3. Dan Bowden (California)

3,200 METERS

1. Bill Dellinger (Oregon)
Winning time: 14:26
Olympic record: 14:08.6
2. Curtis Stone (NYAC)
3. Max Trues (ESC)

5,000 METERS

1. Max Trues (ESC)
Winning time: 18:32
Olympic record: 18:17
2. Richard Hart (Collegiate T&F)
3. Gordon McKenzie (N.Y. Pioneer)

55-METER HIGH HURDLES

1. Jack Davis (U.S. Navy)
1. Lee Calhoun (N.C. College)
Winning time: 13.8
Olympic record: 13.7
3. Joel Shanks (Duke)

400-METER HURDLES

1. Glenn Davis (Ohio State)
Winning time: 48.5
Olympic record: 48.8
2. Eddie Southern (Texas)
3. Jack Culbreath (U.S. Marine)

1,500-METER STEEPLECHASE

1. Phil Calhoun (Chicago TC)
Winning time: 5:05.3
Olympic record: 5:12.1
2. Charlie Jones (Iowa)
3. Horace Ashenfelter (NEAC)

POLE VAULT

1. Bak Richards (Los Angeles AC)
Winning height: 55-6
Olympic record: 54-11 1/2
2. George Matson (U.S. Air Force)
3. Jim Graham (Oklahoma A&M)

HOP, STEP AND JUMP

1. Ira Davis (La Salle)
Winning distance: 35-1 1/2
Olympic record: 35-2 1/2
2. George Shaw (N.Y. Pioneer)
3. Bill Sharps (West Chester T.)

DISCUS THROW

1. Fortune Gordien (SC Striders)
Winning distance: 197-8 1/2
Olympic record: 189-8 1/2
2. Al Oster (Kansas)
3. Ray Drummond (UCLA)

HIGH JUMP

1. Charlie Dumas (Complex JC)
Winning height: 5'11 1/2
Olympic record: 6-4 1/2
2. Vern Wilson (Santa Clara TC)
3. Phil Davis (Villanova)

SHOG JUMP

1. Greg Bell (Indiana)
1. John Bennett (U.S. Army)
Winning distance: 23-6 1/2
Olympic record: 26-5 1/2
3. Rafer Johnson (UCLA)

SHOTPUT

1. Pappy O'Brien (U.S. Air Force)
Winning distance: 64-18
Olympic record: 67-1 1/2
2. Ken Hanson (Manhattan)
3. Bill Rieder (Kansas)

HAMMER THROW

1. Albert Hall (Cornell)
Winning distance: 137-7 1/2
Olympic record: 137-11 1/2
2. Cliff Blair (Boston U.)
3. Harold Connolly (Boston AA)

JAVELIN THROW

1. Cy Young (San Francisco OC)
Winning distance: 244-11
Olympic record: 242-6 1/2
2. Phil Conley (Cal Tech)
3. Ben Garcia (U.S. Navy)

IMPORTED
GERMAN
BEER

LÖWENBRÄU
MÜNCHEN
SINCE 1823

Largest selling
imported beer
in the U.S.A.

Imported by
HANS HÖLTERBOSCH, INC.
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.



Bow & Arrow FUN TIME...

For every age, there's no sport equal to ARCHERY... And a woman's target or field archery fun can get you set for the top 100 time of all... But BOW! MENTALS! Why not start now with a visit to your Bear Archery! Find out why Bear Bows are best. Write now for free Catalog "88"

For this 24-page book "E" by Fred Bear includes 25c coin.



Bear
GLAD-POWERED
BOWS

BEAR ARCHERY CO., Grayling, Mich.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

In Washington the armed forces are
fired upon, in Russia the hunting and
fishing sounds fine, and in midtown
Manhattan leopards are on the prowl

ANYTHING GOES?

THE U.S. armed forces often comply with state game laws when hunting or fishing on military reservations (THE OUTDOOR WEEK, May 14). But evidently there is no dearth of instances where they don't, and Congress is considering legislation to make compliance the law. The states seem to feel such action necessary. The services do not, but last week in hearings before Chairman Herbert Bonner's (Dem., N.C.) House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee a parade of state wildlife officials and Congressmen cited specific instances where the military had cavalierly ignored local fish and game laws and had in fact used bases as private hunting preserves where anything goes (THE OUTDOOR WEEK, June 4). The armed forces denied all, but an obviously angered Chairman Bonner announced that he would push hard for passage of the proposed bills.

RED FIELD, RED STREAM

GRANTING the Russians may occasionally stretch a point or two, could be that the Soviet Union is a Western outdoorsman's happy hunting and fishing ground.

Beyond the creaking iron curtain at Edinburgh, Scotland last week, Dr. Alexander Malinovsky, among other things Chief of the U.S.S.R.'s Department of Game and National Parks, proudly described Russia as a sportsman's paradise where a man can hunt and fish "probably more freely and cheaply than anywhere else in the world." Furthermore, the doctor added in this exclusive SI interview, Americans would be most welcome to share what every sporting Ivan has.

According to Malinovsky, a Russian hunting license costs 10 rubles (about \$2.88) and entitles the owner to hunt more than 380 species of mammals anywhere in the country. A few animals are protected, most notable being the tiger, which now survives only in Siberia, but, by and large, game

is legion. Russian hunters, estimates Malinovsky, topple annually 9 million hares, 8 million squirrels, 200,000 foxes, 12,000 elk and moose, 10,000 bear, and deer and steppe antelope in unrecorded but vast numbers. Game birds, including white ptarmigan, grouse, snipe, pheasant and bittern, as well as ducks and geese, fall at the rate of 30 million a year. And the entire bag might well be bigger if a gun was not priced at 1,200 rubles (a month's pay for a

Soviet Commission for the Protection of Nature, and Dr. L. K. Shaposhnikov, Chief of the U.S.S.R. Nature Reserves, agreed with Malinovsky that it was difficult to say how much of Russia was still wilderness. "It is a large country," said Dementiev, and even though industrialization is encroaching on sporting country, the problem is not yet an urgent one. Nonetheless, explained the Russian experts, future difficulties are anticipated and



U.S.S.R. WILDFOWLERS RELAX AFTER DOWNING BAG OF BUCKS. NOTE HAMMERLOCK SHOTGUN

professional man) and if distances were not so great and transportation so primitive and expensive.

Dr. Malinovsky says angling is an even more economical pursuit. No license is required, and Soviet streams are teeming with trout, pike and salmon. Fly-fishing, incidentally, is little known, and most Russians prefer artificial minnows or spinners. And, since many streams are frozen solidly for as much as five months a year, ice fishing is almost by necessity a popular sport.

On the subject of conservation, Malinovsky and his two colleagues, who have been attending the Congress of the International Union for the Protection of Nature at Edinburgh, dropped some interesting remarks. Professor G. P. Dementiev, head of the

superevnuir' or national parks encompassing 3.5 million acres have already been established. In the U.S., only half the size of Russia, 28 national parks alone cover almost 18 million acres, but the Soviet outdoors as described in Edinburgh sounds enticing. What it proves to be for American pioneers is up to the Russians.

THE HORRIBLE HEFFALUMP

FOUR LEOPARDS and a baby elephant wandered about a New York cocktail party last week, an affair staged by Swinair to publicize the fact that, when and if the leopards and 20 young elephants (brought here from India by Swiss Animal Collector Peter Ryhiner



WHITE GIANT OF THE ICY NORTH

On the moonlike chill wastes of the Arctic Ocean a young Washington dentist turned big-game hunter finds his greatest trophy—the matchless Alaskan polar bear

by DR. WILLIAM A. FISHER

HIDING BEHIND FROZEN RIDGE, Dr. Fisher (right) and his pilot anxiously watch prey move in toward them.

The polar bear is one of the rarest and most prized of all big-game trophies. Living on the almost inaccessible ice floes of the Arctic Ocean, huge, wily and without any instinctive fear of man, it represents to the hunter the ultimate in dangerous prey. Here, an excerpt from his hunting diary, is the dramatic story of how Dr. William Fisher, a Bellingham, Wash., dentist, hunted and killed a 1,300-pound polar bear on a square in Alaska with his house-torn friend Robert Skinn.

FRIDAY: 3 p.m.: It's 18° below but the sun is still shining. We're all tired but the weather is too good to miss. Bush Pilot Bob Savaria is heading the plane right out across the open lead ice, at 800 feet. In the other plane, Bob Shaw and Pilot Dick Moorhead follow us out.

Now we've picked up tracks, but they're very confusing. Looks like a snow and rubs from what I can see, but looks like a big track too. We split up and follow in two directions. Now I can see the tracks clearly—snow and rubs, so we pass it up. Here comes the other plane, wings waggling, so we pull in after them.

There he is! This is the bear we'd like to get. He's so wide across the rear he waddles as he walks. We stay well away from the fellow as we don't want to spook him. He's really a big one, dwarfing everything we've seen before.

We gain altitude to spot a possible landing field, but there isn't a chance anywhere near. The thin ice holding our bear is five miles across, surrounded by wild ice all where this ice meets permanent ice. There's a tiny ice island in the center, but it looks impossible small as a landing field. The bear is heading right for it! Hind legs spread out and flattened to the ice, he's pulling himself along with his forepaws. Every now and then he breaks through. I ask Bob if there is any way we can land on the ice island, and down we go for a look. I've got my fingers crossed. We're coming in low—10 feet—looks rough and far too short. Back up we go, away from the bear. He's still inching along, but a long way off. That decides it. We're going to try.

If we do get stuck, the other small plane can ferry us out

—I guess. We hit the ice within 20 feet of the rear edge, bouncing violently on the hillocks. Hope the skis stay on. Here comes a great mound of snow on my side. I yells at Bob to turn the plane. We're sliding sideways; we've stopped. We jump out to see if the landing gear is undamaged—it is. Now I wonder how we'll get off.

There are pressure ridges all around our little island, chunks of ice ranging from 10 to 30 feet in height. We're completely hidden from the bear. I take the .375 Magnum and climb the ridge to peek over. Bear is still heading our way but I see no more than his head through the glasses. He's about 1,600 yards away and has fallen through the ice again. Wonder why he has his mind set on coming here?

The other plane has left. They're waiting on the horizon, watching us through glasses. I crawl up the pressure ridge over chunks of ice as big as pianos, slipping and sliding.

A thousand yards away now. The wind is in our favor. Evidently he didn't see the plane land. He's still coming. I'm locating a good spot to shoot from—can't shoot him out on this ice as he'll fall in and we'll lose him. I really see him now, without glasses. Five hundred yards out and still coming. He just went through again. There! He comes out and starts maneuvering sideways to us. Change of direction? No, now he's turned again and coming head on right toward me. Bob is staying well back and to the side. He has his rifle to back me up. I tell him not to shoot. This is my bear.

He's getting closer and closer, out 60 yards now. I can shoot any time, but if I do he'll fall through and that ice will barely hold the weight of a man. The bear can use it because he knows how to distribute his weight over its surface. I'll wait. The ice is better close to the island. He's coming right toward me. Forty yards, and now he turns toward the right. I slide back down from the ridge and run on my side, looking for another place to climb up. Can't find one. I look up. There he is! Right on top of the ridge above me, not 20 yards away, head waving on the long neck. He sees me—he's growling—he hasn't decided whether

continued on page 55

HUNT BEGINS AS 1,300-POUND BEAR, SPOTTED FROM PLANE, LUNGERS ACROSS ICE ▶

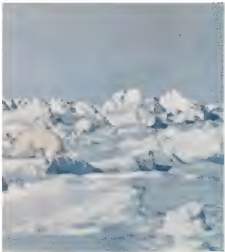




FINDING from 60 feet, Fisher watches blood spurt from near 25-30-grain slugs from custom-made .572 Magnum shell into its shoulder.

OUT OF THE WATER into which he tumbled from ridge, pilot guides and Fisher haul their huge prize. His weight broke through ice.





HEADING UPWARD to pressure ridge, the ponderous bear is almost lost in the glittering ice field. To keep his prize in sight, Bill Fisher scrambled up the heap of ice slabs only to find the bear had tapped it first within close shooting range.





A HAPPY FISHER sports his half-ton kill. Bear skin alone weighed over 100 pounds and squared at 31 feet 2 inches. Big-game hunters consider a 16-foot tide exceptional.

POLAR BEAR HUNT

continued from page 20

to come for me or slide back down the far side of the ridge. No time to do anything but shoot—try for shoulder. He falls off on the far side. I yell to the others to stay back and climb up the ridge—bear may be wounded. I peek over, ready to shoot. My gosh! He's fallen through the ice dead, just his back leg is sticking out. We may lose him. I squirm out and grab his back leg. The thin ice sways like the deck of a small boat in a choppy sea, giving with each step. Bob comes running with a rope. We tie it around the hind leg and hold on. How the devil are we going to get him out? Must weigh well over half a ton. Photographer Halmi and Bob and I put our backs against the ridge and pull. Nothing happens. We've got him, but then again we haven't.

OUT OF THE WATER

Now the other plane circles over us and we motion them down. My feet are wet through. As the ice sways, waves of water come over the top of the hole. They're down now and come to our aid with a second rope. All of us pulling can't make it. We try again, and again. Gaining, gaining—out he comes. Big! He's easily the size of a big brownie. Now we're all laughing—5 men pulling a bear out of a hole, steers first. The spongy ice is a constant threat. It's cracking and new leads are forming all around us with an eerie booming like continuous thunder. There's water all around now, and my feet feel like they're frozen.

Moorehead, Bob and I begin skinning—a tough job. Finally we're through. This boy is very fat, his claws as sharp as needles at the tips. The hide is very heavy—must weigh 250 pounds—bulky and wet. We're afraid to load it on either plane because the extra weight may crack us up on the tricky take-off. We decide to leave the hide. In two days the ice will freeze solid, enough for a dog team.

Our plane is the heavier, so we'll take off first. Bob opens the throttle wide—whomp, whomp, whomp the skin is slapping the ice hunkmooks. We're all tense. We're off! We circle above the island and wait while the second plane makes it. We head back for solid ice and home.

Two days later. We return by dog team to our nosok (bear) island. The skin is just as we left it, but frozen solid. We lash it onto the sled and waste no time. Triumphant we head back for home. (END)



Announcing
NEW, SENSATIONAL
Revere "103"

16MM 100 FT. SPOOL-LOAD TURRET CAMERA

The ideal camera for the amateur and professional. Combines economy of spool film with ease of automatic threading. Streamlined hand crank operates extra powerful long-running spring motor for greater film footage per winding; mechanism stops automatically to prevent over-exposure on spring run-downs. Divergent turret head allows use of extreme wide angle lens in combination with 8 inch telephoto lens without mechanical or optical interference. Change of lens automatically changes objective viewfinder. Convenient footage and speed dial; unique exposure dial; many other outstanding features. With WOLLENSAK 1-inch 1/25 Normal Cine Rapid Wound lens in fixed focus... **\$169.50**

REVERE CAMERA COMPANY • CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



FOR THE FINEST STYLES AND BEST VALUES IN MEN'S SLACKS SEE YOUR SAGON DEALER. Write box 951-5 Screen Pk. for your FREE copy of "THE HOUR GLASS"

Lackawanna Pants Mfg. Co. CHICAGO 16, ILL. 100-1000000



SUBSCRIBE...
...RENEW
GIVE A GIFT...

Put where he is friend your enthusiasm for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. America's outstanding new magazine that's fun for the whole family to read. Use the top-of-the-line coupon below to order 35 wonderful weeks of SI (11 as a gift, 24 for yourself, or 35 to renew your present subscription. Fill in the proper space below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Ask for 35 weeks (or 11, or 24, or 35) in the proper space below and mail today.

Please send 35 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.50 on the same address.

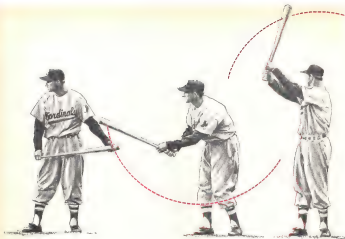
☐ Start it now ☐ Start it at the end of my current subscription

☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.50 on this address:

Name

Address

City State Zip



MUSIAL ON BATTING: I SWING THE BAT IN A LOW AND TO RELAX MY BACK MUSCLES... THEN OVER MY HEAD TO LOOSEN MY SHOULDERS...

SUBJECT: STAN MUSIAL

continued from page 29

mentioned that messing. Red was there packing and the rest were getting their equipment together to go to New York. Yeh, it was a little sad. You hate to leave a ball club. All the players are your friends, and then when you get to a new club you have to make friends all over again. Well, during batting practice I was hitting them out and Stas was standing around the rage.

"Hi, roomie!" he said.

"What do you mean, 'Hi, roomie'?"

"You're going to be my new roommate," he told me. I was real happy about it."

"Hank and Red and I are a lot alike," Musial said.

"I never did like to get involved when I'm playing baseball. Red and I had many friends on the road, but they're friends who don't bother us all the time or wait for us after the game, or at the train station, or try to rush us around here and there. In this game your mind has got to be free and you can't be tied up with too many people all the time. . . . Although I'm not a leaver, or don't hibernate from people, I don't let them tie me up while the season is on.

"I take my baseball pretty seriously, and through the years I think I've proved it. That doesn't mean I won't laugh or get a kick out of something that happens at a ball game, but I don't like to hear ballplayers talking about other ballplayers, or saying, 'He should have done this' or 'I could have done that better.'

"I believe it's better to have an even temper in baseball. You can't let little things upset you. I've known

ballplayers who fight themselves and get mad. When I was young, quite younger, if we lost a ball game, I would more or less take it with me for a while. It would take me a couple of hours to get over it. I wouldn't talk. I'd sulk and not be myself. I've kind of got over that in the last five years, I guess. When you know that your teammates tried to do everything they could on the ball field, what's the use of worrying about it? The game is gone. You did your best and that's about all you could do."

As a child, Musial's family called him Stash, the nickname for Stasidamus. Years later, in Brooklyn, he was to acquire another, more famous, nickname: Stas, the Man, bestowed upon him quite accidentally when meaning Dodger fans lamented, "Here comes the man again; here comes the man," while Musial's bat was mowing down the Huns.

When young Stash first picked up a spoon to feed himself, he held it in his left hand, but not wanting her child to be different, Mrs. Musial trained him to use his right hand—in practice frowned upon today for it encourages stammering. He grew up a left-hander anyway, but in his quick speech Musial still stutters occasionally and when he does, he's shyly apologetic for he doesn't approve of weakness in himself.

There's no hesitation within him when he reaches for a bat, left-handed.

"The action in athletics is so fast, you don't have time to think. Body control, timing, balance, coordination are important, no matter what you're doing," he said intensely. "If a boy learns this, it will stay with him all his life. Our youth today—and I have stat-at-statistics to prove it—are not as healthy by comparison as they used to be. They



THEN I COUL IN CHARGE, MOVING MY HIP TO STAY LOOSE... MY LEFT LEG IS BENT SUPPORTING MY WEIGHT AS I STRIDE TO FOLLOW PITCH

aren't being taught enough physical education in school. Half an hour a day isn't enough. We should devote at least an hour a day. In years to come, regardless of what you're doing, whether it's athletics, or dancing, or walking, or posture, you won't have any problem doing it if you have balance, and you must learn balance while you're young.

"When I was young, I went in for athletics. I played baseball all summer and basketball in the winter. I belonged to an association in my home town, Donora, Pa., the Polish Falcons. We had an instructor and we met twice a week, and spent hours working on parallel bars and learning tumbling and gymnastics. That's where I learned my balance, my timing and coordination. That's why I can dive for a ball now and don't get hurt. I know how to fall and take the blow."

STAR'S LONE INJURY

"The only time I ever got really hurt was when I dove for a ball [in Orlando, Fla. on Aug. 11, 1940] and I didn't tumble over like I generally do. My spine gave way, and I landed on my left shoulder.

"My arm never did get better. It's never been the same. I couldn't throw hard from then on. It takes me a long time in spring training to build my arm up whereas some fellows can throw hard the first day in camp."

It was the nearest he had come to an excuse, but hastily he corrected it.

"It never bothered my hitting. I was a pitcher then, and it looked like I was going to be quite a pitcher—I won 18 and lost five that year—but even if I didn't hurt my arm, I think somewhere along the line, somebody would have

switched me over to outfielder anyway, because my hitting was always good."

A good family man with three children—one son and two daughters—Musial misses life at home during the playing season. "Since we're on the road in the summertime, we in athletics don't have as much time to be with our families as we'd like, but that's part of the business of baseball," the seasoned player said. "Of course we have more time in the winter. This fall I'm taking my wife to Europe for her first visit there. I was over a couple of years ago on an exhibition tour with the Air Force."

Then, like a timetable, he rattled off the list of European stops he had scheduled for his 35-day vacation.

"My boy goes to the Christian Brothers Military School in St. Louis," he said proudly, "and the girls go to the parochial school. My son plays football and he's on the track team, but he's not too keen about baseball. What he really loves to do is fish and hunt. He's a good outdoor boy."

"If he doesn't want to play baseball, that's O.K. with me, but I've had a good career. I've hit well through the years. I got a kick out of winning six batting titles. That's more than anyone around has done for quite a while. I also got a kick out of hitting that home run last year in the All-Star Game."

"You've got to be consistent no matter what you're doing, though. Over the period of 154 games, various things show up; if a guy can hit or if he can't hit certain pitchers, or if he has a weakness or a strength. Whatever it is, it'll show up."

Musial's record speaks for itself. Since he joined the

continued on next page

continued from page 27

Cardinals in 1941, with a year out in 1946 while he was in the Navy at Pearl Harbor, he has thrice been voted the Most Valuable Player in the National League; helped the Cardinals become world champions three times; achieved a lifetime batting average of .342; hit 825 home runs (five in one afternoon, during a double-header, May 2, 1954 at Busch Stadium); tied Ty Cobb's record of five hits in a game on four occasions in one season; had 2,397 hits; and amassed other honors that should put his name in baseball's Hall of Fame.

"I know my batting stance is very unorthodox," he confessed, "and some fellows say I didn't have as much of a pronounced crouch in the beginning as I do now. I can't remember if I had it in the minor leagues. I don't know how it all came about. I would say when I first came to the big leagues, I started to crouch because that way I could guard the plate better, and I always wanted to hit .500 in the big leagues."

"When I'm hitting, I try to get comfortable and loose at the plate and that puts me in a relaxed position."

His hitting technique was so much second nature to him that he couldn't describe it without getting up and going through the motions. The shoulders of his custom-tailored brown business suit restricted him, but he swung anyway. He went through the motion several times before he sat down again.

"I just can't get loose at the plate without flexing my body," he demonstrated in his back-wiggling, unimpeachable way. "I like to hold my wrists high and my arms and shoulders high. You've got to have a good firm grip, firm, but not tight, where your reflexes don't work. You have to take a good level swing with your bat, so when you're meeting the ball, you're not swinging down. Don't swing at anything the pitcher throws up there, but hit your pitch."

Catching his reflection in the mirror, he seemed surprised to see what he was doing, so he sat down again.

"Most people think you have to be 200 pounds or more to hit that long ball, which isn't so. You have to have good timing, coordination, a pair of good wrists [his are small but flexible], control of your hands and quick reflexes, so if a ball's inside you can come around quickly with your hands and wrists and hit it solidly."

"The main thing is not to try to copy anybody else. A lot of ballplayers, especially youngsters, do things the

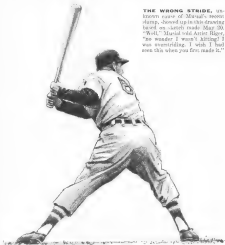
way other ballplayers do because they have heroes and try to copy them, but actually it's not a good thing because what you try to do is not what the other fellow can do and vice versa. You have to feel natural when you stand up at the plate."

"It's important to take a good comfortable stance in the box. Everybody has a different hitting range, and it takes time to find out whether you want to stand close to the plate, or

"Fellows like Ted Kluszewski and Willie Mays who are good hitters—they're what you call sluggers, mocs or less. Lots of the time they're swinging for the fences. A fellow like Don Mueller or Schoendienst doesn't swing for home runs. They're hitting singles and doubles. Those fellows are different types of hitters because of their swing and physical makeup, whereas big fellows like Ted Williams and Mickey Vernon, they have the power and leverage necessary to hit home runs."

"I could be in both categories," he said matter-of-factly. "I have enough

THE WRONG STRIDE, unknown cause of Musial's recent slump, showed up in this drawing based on sketch made May 30. "Well," Musial told Artist Riger, "no wonder I wasn't hitting! I was overstriding. I wish I had seen this when you first made it."



back, or way back. Nobody does those things alike, although the fundamental things in baseball are all alike."

"If your timing is right and your ball is in the strike zone—and you've got to learn the strike zone—you're going to meet that ball good. So go ahead and hit it. A lot of times your body might be out of position. Your bat might be out front and you can still hit the ball, but not as good. You can't have it your own way all the time, but it's not a bad idea to get as many things working for you as you can.

power and leverage to hit the ball out of the ball park, but I can still punch the ball for base hits, if I want to. Early in my career I was not much of a home run hitter, and I'd hit more line drives and triples. The home run in baseball is the most exciting thing to the fans, but to me there's always great excitement in trying to reach third base before the ball gets there. I always thought there was excitement in it for the fans, too. With a home run, you just hit it and then trot around the bases."

"Not that it isn't harder to hit a home run. But you can't control it. All you try to do is hit the ball hard and let it take care of itself. If it has leverage, it will meet the stands.

"Hitting goes in big streaks. When you're hitting everything they throw your way, you have confidence. You feel you can hit. Everything's going your way and it seems like nothing can stop you, but somewhere along the line, there's the other extreme. You're going bad, often swinging at bad pitches. Through the years I have always been a slow starter, so I don't worry. Averages fluctuate so much at this time of year; but one good week and I can be at .400."

At mention of the coveted high batting mark, he smiled, a wide, hopeful grin and then resumed talking.

"Possibly the longest I've ever been up without a hit is 37 or 38 times. When I'm in trouble and not hitting for three or four days, or if my timing is off, I try to get out of my slump by punching the ball to left field. Naturally, being a left-handed player, I know the shortstop is going to take the bag, which leaves a pretty good hole there. To punch the ball to left, I pull the bat to my right. I try not to swing as hard, or turn my head, or take my eyes off the ball. There's less margin for error . . . and if I want to pull the ball to right field, I can, by getting the bat way out in front of the plate."

Although he is not a switch-hitter like Mickey Mantle, Southpaw Musial can hit left-handed pitchers almost as well as right.

"The reason for it," he analyzed, "is that after the Cards lost Whitey Kurowski and Walker Cooper, Knos Slaughter and I were the power of the ball club, so to speak, and of course the opposing teams would always save their left-handers for us. To begin with, in the big leagues you've got to hit both types of pitching, but Slaughter and I saw more than our share of left-handers through the years. You either had to hit them or struggle. They're a little harder to hit to begin with, because the ball is breaking away from you all the time. The ball is going in one direction and your bat in another, and if you take your eyes off the ball—not deliberately, of course, but it can happen—it's harder to hit. A right-hander's ball is breaking into you, and it's easier to follow. There are a couple of lefties though who seem to hit left-handed pitchers better than they do righties. Rube Walker murders lefties.

"But right or left, once that ball comes out there, you can pick it up and

BIOPERSE: Stan Musial

STANLEY FRANK MUSIAL was born in the drab industrial town of Donora, Pa. (later notorious for its sight of killing smog) on Nov. 21, 1920. His mother was of Czech descent and his father, an immigrant from Poland, worked in the local steel mill. Stan was the first son and the second youngest of six children.

He learned his baseball early. From the time he was 7, Joe Barbo, a neighbor and part-time semipro pitcher and nine-mill hand, worked with him on pitching. "I never had to say a word to him about his hitting," Barbo recalls. "That boy could always hit."

By the time Stan was 15, he was pitching on the high school team and was bat boy for the local semipro team. Pitch-pitching for the semipro once, he struck out 13 men in six innings. As a senior he led the high school team to the sectional championship, pitching two no-hitters along the way and leading the team in hitting. Winters he was a star guard on the high school basketball team. Scholarships, he averaged in the high 80s. At 17, Musial signed with the Cardinals and spent his first three seasons in organized baseball as a left-handed pitcher (he won 33, lost 13). By 1940 he was also playing in the outfield and hit .311 in 112 games. In 1941, after the fall which ended his pitching career, Musial became a full-time outfielder and has been a regular ever since except for 14 months in the Navy as a sen-

ior man first class (January 1945-March 1946).

Stan married his high school sweetheart, Lillian Labach, the daughter of the local grocer, on his 19th birthday. He was making \$100 a month and playing Class D ball. Today Musial can figure on making \$125,000 a year (\$80,000 salary, \$45,000-\$15,000 extra income for endorsements, plus proceeds from his restaurant). The Musials and their three children live in a modest ranch-style house in southwest St. Louis. In the off-season, Stan is kept busy by his interests in the restaurant, but he provides for as much time with the family as possible. "We're small town," says Mrs. Musial.

In the company of his roommates in college friends, Musial laughs easily and especially at his own jokes. He is a good amateur prior rumpster who on occasion will pull a practical joke on his teammates, and likes to play on a slide whistle in the locker room. He is a big eater and enjoys his food. His favorites are cabbage rolls (holubki) and spaghetti and meat balls, which his wife turns out perfectly. He smokes cigars, but keeps cigars down by smoking only those he can learn from friends. Both Musials are devout Catholics. They like the theater but are lukewarm toward the movies. Musial reads magazines, preferring articles to fiction. Sometimes he will read a highly recommended novel. He golfs occasionally, in the low 80s, and is known around the baseball circuit as a big tipper.

tell whether it'll be a strike or a ball. You study the pitchers, although there's not many of them who tip off their pitches. Sometimes it's an instinct that tells you, rather than what the pitcher does."

He snapped his fingers excitedly. "You can't describe it. You can't say how, or when, or why that instinct comes to you, but it does."

"The fans put emphasis on the hit that drives in the winning run, and I've had my share of hitting in the pinches [he's driven in over 1,500 runs and is among the league leaders this year], but to me, anytime you drive in runs, they're important, whether they're in the early or later part of the game. Sometimes when you can put a club ahead, it makes the difference in the ball game. If you give some pitchers a lead, they work better. I can recall some pitchers, when they pitch, the team is scoring a lot of runs for them. You can pick out some fellows in the league, whenever they're pitching, they aren't going to get many runs. It's hard to explain. Basically,

there's no reason for it. Your ball club is trying to win, regardless of who's pitching.

"That pitcher out there is trying to do his job. If he gets you out, there's no reason to get mad. After you've played a good many years, there's no such thing as getting excited, or emotional, or physically depressed about a situation in baseball."

Yet, not too long ago, in the Ebbets Field locker room, after the Cardinals lost to the Dodgers, Musial, worn, weary and defeated, picked up a can of beer, then put it down again, sighing. "Even the beer tastes lousy when you lose."

For the most part his sighs are silent. "I know my time is running out," Stan (The Man) Musial said slowly, "but I'd like to play at least two more years. I've things I want to do. I'd like to lead the league seven times and tie Rogers Hornsby. I feel I have a good chance to do it this year."

That night at Ebbets Field he hit two home runs and got four hits out of five. (C.N.S.)

MRS. BRATTON: 'THE WASTED YEARS'

continued from page 11

won the fight and the NBA version of the welterweight title.

During those 15 rounds he had taken quite a terrific beating and I had never seen his face look quite so distorted. But I left the stadium a sicker person than he. In the middle of the night Johnny had to take me to Provident Hospital, where I was confined for five days. I'm sure the nurse on duty couldn't decide which one of the two of us needed medical aid after she looked at Johnny's face.

JUST ONE MORE

It had been decided previous to the Fusan-Bratton fight that the winner was to meet Kid Gavilan in New York. The New York commission and the NBA would recognize the winner as the world welterweight champion. Johnny and I were separated again. Before Johnny left for his New York training camp we talked at length about the future and he told me he knew we had not spent enough time together, that it had been one training session after another, but he tried to explain to me that he was finally in the position he had been waiting so many years to reach. He felt that if he won the title he wouldn't have to worry about anything else. He explained that champions get the largest share of the gate receipts and that he wouldn't have to fight as often as he had previously done working to the top.

I flew to New York the day before the fight and registered at the Roosevelt Hotel. Johnny had come in from camp and stayed at the Edison Hotel. Johnny came to see me the afternoon of the fight just after he had left the weigh-in and, as always, there were three or four fellows with him. He had to go out his dinner at Jack Dempsey's restaurant at 4 o'clock so we didn't have much time together. As I walked to the elevator with him I took his hand and he flinched. I asked him about it and he told me not to worry. But I couldn't help worrying because I knew Johnny was no complainer.

I could not stand to watch the fight and shortly after the first round I went out to the lobby and walked around. The scene soon resembled a motion picture. One by one all of the people who had been sitting in our section—Johnny had purchased all of the tickets together—came out to the lobby and even Johnny's brothers joined us. His oldest brother passed me as if he didn't recognize me, and when I ran up to

him all he said was, "They should stop it. Johnny has been hurt." I thought the fight would never end, and finally, from what seemed like a great distance, I could hear the announcer say: "Kid Gavilan, the winner!"

At the dressing room I learned Johnny was to be taken to the hospital right away. His jaw had been broken a third time and he had a broken bone in his right hand. I will never be convinced that he didn't go into the ring with a broken hand. In spite of his handicaps

time to become disheartened. He asked for more time to get himself together.

It seemed he was always able to reach that point in fighting where he had only one more fight to win and everything would be all right in his world. Then, at the crucial moment with everything at stake, he could never pull through this last fight.

After a brief visit to Detroit, Johnny went to Chicago and I didn't hear from him again for two months. I tried calling everywhere but to no avail. His mother said she hadn't seen him, and even though I left messages he never returned my calls. He hadn't called



CONFUSED. Manager Rynia (The Mink) Wallman and Bratton leave Pennsylvania Athletic Commission office after fighter was suspended, dead because of Bratton bout.

Johnny finished the full 15 rounds and was never knocked down. Within the next few days he had the wisdom teeth on the right side of his jaw removed, as had been done to the left side just a year before, and went back to the camp where he had trained for the fight. He said he needed time to get himself together and he wanted to be alone where he could think things out clearly and decide what his next move would be.

Johnny stayed at camp for almost two months. I was coming to the point where I felt that our marriage would never work. The baby was a little more than a year old now and he didn't even know his father. We didn't have any place that we could call home. Johnny agreed with me in principle, but he kept repeating one idea—this was no

even to find out how the baby was.

I got a job in Detroit and was working for about three weeks when one evening the phone rang. "Hi, Jo, what are you doing?" Johnny said casually. I had planned for weeks what I would say to him. Now that the time was here I was at a loss for words. The reason he hadn't gotten in touch with me, he said, was because there was nothing he could tell me. When I told him I was working he became quite disturbed and said he would be in Detroit the next day. The next day when I came home from work his car was parked in front of the house. I tried to be stern and forceful in the things I said to him but deep down inside I could see the change that had come over him and I knew he hadn't been too happy either. Johnny had

decided to give fighting another try.

We had become indebted to the IBC to the extent of some \$18,000, and Mr. Wallman had sent Johnny money during these months he had been laid off. We also owed the government \$36,000 in back income taxes. Johnny explained that he knew no other way to erase these tremendous financial obligations. Mr. Wallman had told Johnny he wanted us to come to New York where he would get an apartment for us and make all the necessary arrangements. He would advance Johnny any money necessary for current living expenses until he could fight again. I wanted to go to New York, or anywhere else where we could all be together, but I didn't want to repeat my previous experiences. I asked Johnny for a day to think it over, but I knew then that I would go as soon as the apartment was ready.

I came to New York and took a cab to Flushing, Long Island, which was to be our address and home from that first day of October 1951. It was more than I had expected. Johnny came in from camp and finished training at home for his next bout against Wilbur Wilson. It was the first time I had ever been able to cook his meals, go to the gym with him, take care of his clothes and really feel that I was helping him in his career.

HOME AGAIN

When Johnny came home from winning the fight he told me how good it made him feel to have a place to really call home at last. We learned to love New York and the people who were more than nice to us. By the time Johnny fought Kid Gavilan in Chicago on November 23, 1961 all of the people in the neighborhood had, in spite of themselves, become Johnny Bratton fans. After the fight all of the tenants met in the hall, and you would have thought Johnny had won instead of getting a draw. This was more like the people I had known in Detroit, and it made me very happy to be with them. I was also happy to know that Johnny's jaw and hands had stood up.

It was in New York that I first became aware of Johnny's popularity. Whenever we would go to a nightclub and the master of ceremonies would announce that Johnny was in the audience he would get quite an ovation from the patrons. There would always be several fight fans who came over to the table to get his autograph. When we walked down the street people recognized him and stopped for a minute

(continued on next page)



the fish
are the same,
but . . .

here's a **NEW**
"triple threat"



The new MONTAGUE #3020
"3-WAY" "Hologlass" rod comes
complete with 2 interchangeable handles for 3 kinds
of fishing: spinning, baitcasting and fly. A versatile,
precision-made example of why Montague
is the name in rods!

- Deluxe black "hologlass" shaft
- 2 piece, chrome-plated rolled
weld female
- Silver spiral winding
- 4 chrome-plated
guides
- Cloth bag



2 GRIPS!

For baitcasting: Aluminum alloy
handle

For spinning & fly: detachable cork grip
with sliding reel seat

Overall length: with baitcasting grip—6'6" ft.
with spinning grip—7'3" ft.

Real value name. **\$17.95**

it's a **MONTAGUE** rod
fishing's finest for '56

MONTAGUE-OCEAN CITY ROD & REEL CO., Philadelphia 34, Pa.

'THE WASTED YEARS'

continued from page 61

to talk about fights and ask questions.

Unfortunately, even though Johnny was fighting and winning regularly, we hadn't made much headway as far as moving for the future was concerned. Aside from the debts I mentioned earlier we now owed Mr. Wallman the money that he had spent getting Johnny rehabilitated. Unfortunately, too, the greater number of his opponents were highly regarded middleweights. Mr. Wallman explained that he tried to get matches with men in Johnny's own weight class but they refused to meet him. I didn't know much about fighting but I did know that fighting heavier men was doing Johnny no good. He was tired and drawn after those bouts, and on many occasions he became sick to the stomach when he came home. I had never seen this happen to him.

HOT TEO SMALL

Even so, we spent a very wonderful Christmas together because for the first time Johnny didn't have a fight scheduled. Johnny didn't fight again until February 23, 1953 when he met Tono Portuguese in Brooklyn, and after a vicious fourth round Johnny rallied to knock out Portuguese in the fifth. After the Portuguese fight Johnny told me he had decided to buy a new car, and I asked him to buy a small car because I felt that we wouldn't go in debt to have a Cadillac as he had been accustomed to buying since before we were married. He told me he would get a small car, and the next thing I knew a Jaguar was parked in front of the door. Johnny said that it was the smallest car he could find.

At 26, when most men are just reaching the height of their careers, Johnny was an old man in the ring. On November 18, 1953 he was to fight Kid Gavilan again for the welterweight title. This was his second attempt to become world champion, and still the only prayer that I could offer was for him not to get hurt. The day of the fight Johnny seemed weaker than I had seen him in a long time and his face was very thin and drawn. The tension was stronger than I had ever felt it before. Everywhere the fight was advertised and everywhere people were after Johnny for attention. Under the pressure, Johnny did a funny thing. He shadowboxed on the street, something he had never done before.

I left the hotel for the fight a full half hour after it had started and I went in the first church I saw on the

way to the stadium. I think it was a Catholic church, though I'm not a Catholic. The fight was still going on when I reached the stadium. I waited near the dressing rooms. After an eternity I could hear the crowds of people rushing from their seats, and again the announcer's voice reached my ears: "And still welterweight champion of the world, Kid Gavilan."

A crowd gathered at the dressing room door, and photographers began asking me to pose for pictures and popping questions at me from all sides. I saw Kid Gavilan come through and finally caught a glimpse of Johnny being almost carried by his handlers. Johnny's mother came past me, and the officer on the door allowed us to go

into the dressing room, which was already so overcrowded with people that it was hard to catch your breath.

Johnny was in a prone position on the table and his face was completely covered by towels. For the first time in my life I heard him cry. I left the dressing room to try to compose myself. When Johnny finally came out he had on dark glasses, but they did not cover the horrible sight of his completely disfigured face. At the hotel the outer room of the suite was filled to capacity with people. When I went into the bedroom I wanted to turn and run but most of all I wished that I would soon awaken from what I hoped was a nightmare.

Johnny's face was indistinguishable

THE FIGHT CAREER OF JOHNNY BRATTON—1944-1955

1944			
June 12	Doyle Hirt, Chicago	W 4	
June 26	Larry Wright, Chicago	KO 3	
July 7	Al Jordan, Chicago	KO 4	
July 24	Walter Halba, Chicago	KO 3	
Aug. 7	Ted Christie, Chicago	W 8	
Sept. 27	Gene Spencer, Chicago	L 3	
Oct. 8	Gene Spencer, Chicago	W 8	
Nov. 24	Gene Spencer, Chicago	W 8	
Dec. 4	Ann Miller, Chicago	L 8	
Dec. 18	Ted Christie, Chicago	KO 2	
1945			
Jan. 19	Robert Earl, Chicago	KO 3	
Feb. 14	Jimmy Anest, Chicago	W 6	
Mar. 26	Patsy Spataro, Chicago	W 6	
May 14	M. Bartholomew, Chi.	KO 4	
July 26	Melvin Johnson, Chi.	W 8	
July 28	Joey Barman, Chicago	L 8	
Aug. 10	Dave Castillo, Mil.	L 10	
Nov. 2	Clay Shaw, N.O.	D 10	
Nov. 11	Clay Shaw, N.O.	W 10	
Dec. 14	Chasly Wright, N.O.	L 10	
1946			
Jan. 28	Bo Williams, N.O.	L 10	
Apr. 12	Freddie Dawson, Chi.	W 10	
May 4	Pedro Piza, N.O.	KO 1	
Aug. 1	Bill Eddy, Chicago	W 10	
Aug. 13	Ray Cagle, Chicago	KO 5	
Sept. 23	Eddie Lawler, Chicago	W 10	
Oct. 14	Charles Peltz, N.O.	KO 2	
Oct. 31	Willie Joyce, Chicago	W 10	
Dec. 29	Willie Joyce, Chicago	W 10	
1947			
Jan. 24	Morris Reif, Chicago	W 10	
Feb. 18	Danny Kaplow, Chi.	W 10	
May 16	Sammy Angott, Chi.	L 10	
June 6	Gene Burton, Chicago	L 10	
Aug. 4	Herbie Jones, Wash.	KO 8	
Oct. 4	Gene Burton, Chicago	L 10	
Nov. 12	Phil Palmer, Chicago	KO 10	
1948			
Jan. 5	Livio Minelli, Phila.	L 10	
Jan. 23	Ben Jack, Chicago	KO by 8	
July 6	Jack Solomon, Chi.	KO 1	
July 19	Frankie Abrams, Chi.	W 6	
Sept. 15	Luigi Valentino, Chi.	KO 7	
Oct. 29	Bernard Deconna, Chi.	L 10	
Nov. 29	Bobby Lee, Phila.	D 10	
Dec. 8	Joe Brown, N.O.	KO 4	
1949			
Jan. 7	M. Bartholomew, N.O.	W 10	
1950			
Jan. 17	Bo Williams, Phila.	L 10	
Feb. 26	Chester Rice, Chicago	KO 8	
Mar. 29	Frank Vigneri, Seattle	KO 4	
Apr. 8	Roman Alvarez, Chi.	KO 5	
Sept. 16	Chuck Taylor, Chi.	KO 2	
Nov. 16	Gaby Perloff, Chi.	KO 2	
1951			
Jan. 4	Gene Maliron, N.Y.	KO 2	
Jan. 20	Don Williams, Chicago	KO by 8	
Nov. 6	Holly Mirra, Balt.	L 10	
Nov. 22	Johnny Cozzani, N.Y.	KO 3	
Nov. 27	Holly Mirra, Balt.	L 10	
Dec. 12	Lester Felton, Chicago	KO 3	
1952			
Jan. 9	S. Mautman, Chicago	KO 3	
Jan. 24	Bobby Doyle, Chicago	KO 1	
Mar. 14	Charles Fusari, Chi.	W 15	
(For vacant N.B.A. welterweight title)			
Apr. 18	Don Williams, Detroit	KO 4	
May 18	Kid Gavilan, N.Y.	L 15	
(For American welterweight title)			
Oct. 15	Wilbur Wilson, N.Y.	W 8	
Nov. 28	Kid Gavilan, Chicago	D 10	
Dec. 27	Livio Minelli, Mil.	W 10	
1953			
Jan. 28	Bobby Rosado, Prov.	KO 8	
Feb. 28	Vic Caristi, Chicago	W 10	
Mar. 28	R. Castellani, N.Y.	L 10	
May 1	Flern Langhin, Mont.	KO 4	
May 23	Del Flanagan, N.Y.	W 10	
June 18	Rosky Castellani, Chi.	L 10	
July 25	L. Deshaufelle, Mont.	KO 3	
Aug. 25	Irvin Owen, Brooklyn	KO 5	
Sept. 14	Ralph Zancilli, Detroit	W 10	
Oct. 31	Joe Minelli, New York	KO 8	
Dec. 5	Ralph Jones, N.Y.	L 10	
1954			
Feb. 23	T. Portuguese, Bahia	KO 5	
Mar. 20	Bobby Jones, N.Y.	KO 5	
Apr. 16	Al Wilson, Brooklyn	W 10	
May 6	Livio Minelli, Cleveland	W 10	
June 3	Danny Wombar, Mont.	W 10	
Sept. 30	Al Wilson, Baltimore	W 10	
Nov. 13	Kid Gavilan, Chicago	L 10	
(title bout)			
1955			
Feb. 24	Johnny Saxton, Phila.	L 10	
Oct. 23	Chino Varona, N.Y.	L 10	
1956			
Mar. 17	Del Flanagan, St. Paul	KO by 9	

His eyes were so swollen that he couldn't open them at all. I walked up to the bed and he said, "Jo, is that you?" He then reached out his swollen hand to touch me. He wasn't out of his head but he just kept repeating that he couldn't understand what had happened to him. He said that he lost all of his strength in the seventh round. It was difficult for him to talk because he had gotten hit in the Adam's apple and he complained that his throat was very sore.

"I CAN SEE"

It was two days before Johnny could open his eyes at all. I came into the room and he said, "Jo, I can see you"—just as a child might have said it. I read him all of the newspapers and telegrams that he had received, and before long his friends started coming by. His parents took me aside and begged me to get him to stop fighting. I tried to explain what had happened before and that I was resigned to the fact that Johnny would not quit until he made the decision himself.

Johnny received a little over \$6,000 for his end of the purse after he paid the IBC the money they drew up as a settlement for the amount he owed them. He didn't try to talk to me about his future. He didn't even get in touch with Mr. Wallman. I knew what losing that fight had meant to Johnny as a man, and I was contented to know that at least this time I was there to help him pull through with whatever assistance I could offer him.

Then Johnny got a telephone call from Mr. Wallman one day in January of 1934, and he asked Johnny how he felt about fighting again. I think the question stunned Johnny for a few seconds because it was the first time he had to answer it to anyone where it really made a difference. Mr. Wallman told him that he could get him a bout with Johnny Saxton in Philadelphia on February 24 if he wanted to take it. I heard Johnny say that he would think it over and call him back.

That night was the first time since the Gavilan fight that Johnny and I sat down and discussed our opinions openly. I listened to his side first. I knew the story by heart. There was nothing else he could do. We didn't have enough money to go into business for ourselves. He felt he could still fight and Gavilan was soon going to move up to the middleweight division. That would put him right in line for another title shot. Johnny called Mr. Wallman and told him to sign.

continued on next page



Sheer Delight!

Summer and Winter, Black & White delights more people than any other Scotch Whisky. That's because its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY 50% PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



'THE WASTED YEARS'

continued from page 63

Johnny fought Saxton in Philadelphia on February 24, 1954, and after the decision was awarded to Saxton, the Pennsylvania boxing commission held up Johnny's purse because they felt he had given a bad performance. The night of the fight Johnny called me and he sounded so incoherent that I became alarmed. I told him that I would come to him at once.

The Pennsylvania boxing commission suspended Johnny's boxing license as well. As a result it was impossible for Johnny to get a fight anywhere in the United States. Mr. Wallman, who had lawyers fighting the case, assured Johnny it would be no time before he would be active again. Johnny continued to train for months after this fight, but it was seven months before the commission reinstated his license. It was during this long layoff that I could tell that my wish for Johnny to give up fighting was very close to being answered. He admitted he had lost all feeling for boxing and was looking for a position with a cigaret or whisky company as a good-will man.

But the reinstatement seemed to fit him again. He told me that he would take another fight just to see if he still had it and to try to save something out of the purse to open a business that he had been thinking of during this enforced layoff. Johnny fought and lost a decision to Chico Varona in New York. There was a lien against his purse before this fight. I think this convinced Johnny. He fought only one more fight after that before he told me he was hanging up his gloves for good.

It took a great deal to make Johnny realize that he was getting nowhere fast and had spent a great number of years of his life getting there. The decision had to come from him, and when it happened I knew that he was happy for it. He still had all his faculties, I told myself, and at 27 years he was young enough to make a successful career in any other venture he chose to go into.

We settled most of our debts, the money the IBC and Mr. Wallman advanced us between fights, and we paid off the \$35,000 in back taxes. We owed only one more \$5,000 income tax bill.

We have known peace then, at Johnny still had big dreams. He liked to Rocky Graziano, and he had made money and fame in the entertainment business. He harbored other promises and ideas from his ends, but he didn't think about spe-

cific jobs. Looking back, I guess Johnny always had an inferiority complex. Outside of the ring, he had no confidence. He was even afraid to fill out an application blank for a regular job.

Last fall (1955) we came back to Detroit and the Michigan Bell Telephone Company rehired me as a long-distance operator. Johnny didn't want me to work, but he wasn't working. He had gone into a shell, with me at least. He was never mean, but he wouldn't communicate with me. He started running around with a group of young unmarried friends, people I didn't know. He never drank, but I never knew where he was or when he would be home. Around Christmastime he changed more and more, getting more withdrawn. He would always talk about



BLOATED AND BRUISED, shrouded Britton leaves ring after Garden fight.

deep things—the whys of life, what it's all about—rather than the practicalities of getting a job or finding a new career. He talked about going to a school, he talked about being a dancer and used to dance alone at home, playing records over and over. But he realized his lack of responsibility. He once told me he didn't think he ever had learned how to be a husband and father.

I began to feel that I was a handicap to him, and I told him I would go away with Ricky (Derek's nickname) if that was what he wanted. But Johnny wanted me, often asking me to come home from my job to be with him. Once he said, "I've never known fear before—I'm nervous and feel so alone." This encouraged me, because he couldn't find himself until he learned to fear things and respect them.

In early May he was getting madder. One afternoon I called him on my relief time and he pleaded with me to come

home right then. I couldn't leave Johnny, but my chief operator gave me next three days off. When I got to Johnny looked terrible. He kept hitting his face and gnawing the floor, he repeated everything we said.

A SICK BOY

We got a doctor's advice and doctor said he was a sick boy. We took him to a private hospital in Detroit but he ran away in half an hour. A police came and took him to Revere Hospital (a city hospital) and his mother came from Chicago. I had called her before he went to the first hospital.

Johnny was terribly confused. I seemed to blame me for having him confined, and he was very upset at the Detroit hospital. I agreed with his mother that it would be better to take him back to Chicago, his home town where his brothers and old friends were. There his parents had him committed to the state hospital at Manteno, which is about 50 miles from Chicago.

The strain has been just as hard on me as it has been on Johnny. I've lost 50 pounds since he got sick. But I feel so much better after visiting him at Manteno, a beautiful place where they are treating him wonderfully.

Johnny wants to get well now. He keeps asking about Ricky. He's talking about the future. Best of all, he realizes he's been mixed up and angry and the doctor says that's the first thing an emotionally disturbed person must realize.

We don't know what the future will bring. There's hope that Johnny won't have to be in the hospital too long. He's looking better than he has for years—just as though he were in top condition for a fight. He is thrilled at the encouraging letters and cards he's receiving from his old fans.

For Johnny, and I guess a lot of other fighters, it's been a lot tougher being an ex-fighter than it ever was during the worst moments in the ring. He always proved he could take punishment, but this is a new kind of punishment. And he has to learn how to take this too.

I am happy that he is getting well and I'm proud of Johnny as a man. I feel there aren't many things he can't do, and I want him to prove this to himself because I believe it. Our love has withstood a difficult test. We grew up together, we made mistakes and I know we profited from them. We have our adorable son and each other, and I think these things alone are worth all of the wasted years Johnny spent in the fight ring.

(COURT)

EXPERTISE

Sirs:
I must say Boston Herald's *Star Columnist* in a *New Crop* (SI, June 18) was one of the finest articles yet. I enjoyed it, and so did the other coaches here. It would be wonderful if all writers were as well-informed about their subject as *Star* was.

Joe Frisco
Asst. Football Coach
Notre Dame University

South Bend, Ind.

LEADING OPINION

Sirs:
Your article on Pennsylvania prep school football was one of the best down-to-earth viewpoints on good high school football. I have seen prep school ball in Texas and other states, but Penn is in a class by itself. Almost every good football club has a Penn boy on the roster.

W. JAY O'BRIEN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

THIS IS THE TRUE IDEA?

Sirs:
I, too, experienced some of the rush that Jimmy Cox of Collingdale High is going through now in choosing a college. I strongly feel Jimmy has lost the true idea of college, that of an education, not, as he put it, "at things like Penn State you get to eat what they give you."

James R. Cantile
Captain, 1984 U. of
Pennsylvania football team

Norfolk, Va.

• Jim Cox, who made his first trip to the Penn State campus after SI's article appeared, reports it as "a wonderful place." —ED.

GRADE & CAMPUS

Sirs:
You mentioned that one Ernie Westwood is natural for UCLA, and? was most influenced by the prospect of unlimited milk at

the training table. If milk is what he wants he should not overlook the University of Chicago in choosing his college.

Here at our *Academy-of-the-Midway*, all residents of the men's dormitory can have all the milk they want at meals. Chancellor Klapart says that we're going to have a football team again some day, and I'm sure that Mr. Westwood will be most welcome here. If he's interested, he can rest assured that we will match glass for glass the milk offered by any other college dining hall! As we say at the University of Chicago: *Caveat scientia hoc excolitur.*

Joe Nemo

Chicago

• Or as they say at Harvard, which also serves unlimited milk to its students: *Lar et veritas*. —ED.

SILENT PARTNER

Sirs:

Martin Kane's *Costly Victory* (SI, June 18) was wonderful. As Mr. Kane said, "The Hurricane is a heroic kind of fellow." To me he is a symbol of courage, and he has my respect.

At last I feel happy when my husband and his friends are discussing sports. When some particular track record, tennis score or golf pro slips blunder, my husband turns to me and says: "What was the fellow's name, Jean?" And I usually come up with the right answer and silently thank SI.

Joan Wilson

San Andres, Calif.

A VERY BASIC SPORT

Sirs:

I was most pleased to read the stewards given to Jewell's HORROR "Is cockfighting cruel and sadistic?" (SI, June 25). Considering the prejudice in this country against this very old sport, I had not expected such fair-minded responses.

Cockfighting is, as one of your respondents put it, a very basic sport. To anyone who has ever handled a bird or witnessed a cockfight it is a very beautiful sport.

Cocks are vicious fighters first and last. They live for nothing else and need no stimulation or reward. But this of course is not enough to make it a sport. The birds are also beautiful animals. Their tail, like bodies, all fighting moves, and their vivid, multicolored plumage make them an unforgettable spectacle.

Truly see man's (or woman's) meat is another's poison: to me the thought of watching men drive fast cars around a brick oval with the hope of witnessing a crash is utterly revolting. But I like cockfights.

Mrs. A. C. F. FENIMORE

Queens, N.Y.

COMPARE

Sirs:

Cockfighting cruel and sadistic? Tail-feathers! It is indeed a sport of sports. The blood! The torn flesh! The wagon! The gameness of it all!

Compare it with other sports—Russian roulette, bridge-jumping, wife-beating. Where else can the primitive sports fan find such tremendous competitive interest?

Oh, to be in the cockpit rooting for the bantam with the loose eyeballs and the ten-spot rolling on his back. Oh, blood and gore! Oh, wonderful world of sport!

Wesley Charles Jenkins
Grahamville, N.Y.

LET ME ASK ONE

Sirs:

Perhaps the question should have read, "Are people who attend cockfights a little queer and somewhat disturbed?"

The answer to this question was a unanimous "yes" (SI people from this area at dinner last night—all sports enthusiasts).

HUGH H. FRANTZ

Chippewa Falls, Wis.

DON'T TAKE THE OLD BOY SERIOUSLY

Sirs:

The continuous controversy that rages over the rabbit ball (E & D, June 18) is continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



nothing short of amazing. No doubt the antiquarians of every sport will be forever with us, but why must we take the old boys so seriously?

With each issue of your fine magazine I eagerly look forward to a reader onslaught against the tape measures, timing devices and standards of weights that are used in the sports world today. I have prepared myself for the day when it is suggested that a 16-pound shot no longer weighs what it did in the good old days and that our metalurgists have developed a more lively shot. I shall refuse to be surprised when one day someone suggests that a 15-foot pole vault is but a fraction of what it was in the pioneer days. Without a doubt, our ladies' dresslengths render 4 minutes the equivalent of about 4:20 of yesterday. I wouldn't be surprised if not a man over 40 could bring himself to read a recent announcement that the major league ballplayers of today are two inches taller and 16 pounds heavier than their counterparts were but a few years ago, and equate such facts with the recent spate of horse runs. It would be even more surprising if anyone would take seriously a suggestion that the greatest of all baseball teams played since World War II (probably one of the Yankee teams between 1949 and 1953 or the winner of the 1955 World Series). In the same breath I also expect that Bern and Mantle, Kaline and Kuzo, Boyer, Fox, Friend, Hoof, Klusnewski, Mayo, Power and Score are as superior to their predecessors as are Sims, Morrow, Gaffney, Lea, Bewell, Whitfield, Landy, O'Brien, Nieder and Bragg are to them.

PAUL H. SMITH

Ann Arbor, Mich.

HE STANDS ALONE

Sirs:

We think SI (June 18) helped to prove Ruth's magic 60 is not the most famous baseball record by showing how near it has come to being broken on many occasions.

Take the record of Ty Cobb: hitting against real pitchers and a dead ball, he led the American League 12 times. See what you can do with it. You will not see any Mantle, Pounce, Greenbergs, Wilsons and others who either have almost broken it or are about to break it.

Ty really stands alone.

WILLIAM L. MAGILL

Nashville

● Those who have come closest in the American League are Harry Heilmann ('21, '23, '24, '27) and Ted Williams ('41, '42, '47, '48), who each led his league four times.—ED.

DAHLGREN'S MARCH

Sirs:

May I add a postscript to that nostalgic backward glance at New York history, *Cabrillo's Last Day* by Babe Dahlgren (SI, June 18)?

Dahlgren, now a baseball scout for the Kansas City A's in this territory, can claim paradoxically, an unusual distinction in football. In 1934 Dahlgren composed a winning ode, *The Junior Rose Bowl March* for the Junior Rose Bowl game of Pasadena. The tune has become the official song for the annual Junior college chime.

But baseball is still Babe's love. K.C. Athletics' fans might be interested to know that there might be a Dahlgren battery in their town someday: Pitcher Donny Dahlgren and Catcher Ray Dahlgren. Pop works with them every day.

MARK WALLS

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Sirs:

Congratulations on Ezra Bowen's complete and excellent description of Carlisle Mitchell's fabulous *Finisterra* (SI, June 18). I am sure that this will be of tremendous interest not only to all who actually participate in the sport of sailing but also to the far larger group who dream of someday owning an auxiliary.

However, few individuals will ever be in a position to invest in a boat that costs

anything like the "more than \$60,000" Mr. Mitchell acknowledges as being the price tag for *Finisterra*. I would prefer the Amphicat's, so ably described by Bob Barier in the May 28 issue, which incorporates many of the features of *Finisterra* and costs about one-tenth as much. The ultimate in the sport of sailing, namely the ownership and use of a cruising, racing auxiliary, need not be the impossibly expensive sort of thing indicated by a *Finisterra* but can be within the reach of the average person.

CHARLES E. ANGLE

Rochester, N.Y.

WHERE IS THE WATER?

Sirs:

I was amazed at the completeness of every detail about the *Finisterra*, whether for long-distance cruising or racing. After listing all the gadgets, important is the over-all weight. I was disappointed to find missing any data on the amount of drinking water carried aboard and the location of tanks. Water and batteries for the electrical system have always been important in regard to their placement in racing boats.

MILTON E. BAXTON

Gardensville, Nev.

● Water tanks carrying 87 gallons, ample for extended West Indian cruising or an Atlantic passage, are located under the transom berths.—ED.

GRADUAL REVOLUTION

Sirs:

No doubt *Finisterra* is a splendid ship, but Ezra Bowen is talking through his yachting cap when he says that this "fat-bodied centerboarder" represents a "revolution" in design. Who is my authority? None less than *Finisterra's* owner, Carlisle Mitchell, who wrote the following in *Yachting* (Sept. 1964):

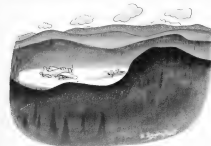
"But somewhere along the line a new-type centerboarder came into being, a boat able to hold her own in triangular racing—the only true test of relative speed yet retaining . . . the weight and power to have a bigger boat 'beat' on any given waterline. . . . I like 'em wide and I like 'em shoal. And especially so after having ridden around in one for the past five years. During that period I have cruised and raced my fat centerboarder *Combee*, which was designed by Phil Rhodes. . . ."

Philip L. Rhodes designed *Combee* in 1937, 19 years ago. Of course, the type has evolved since then. *Enosco* (1946) and *Finisterra* (1954) illustrate the evolution of smaller ships of this type.

AUSTIN LAMSON, M.D.

Philadelphia

● In his analysis of the Bermuda rule, Ezra Bowen made it clear that the *Finisterra* is as much the product of the revolution (to heavy shoal-draft boats) as the cause of a revolution to small centerboarders. However, *Caribbee*, *Escopada*, *Enosco*, *White Mist* and the other successful centerboarders of the past 20 years are all a lot more boat in size compared to the *Finisterra*, and none of them has the perfect balance of weight, lines and low racing handicap of the *Finisterra*.—ED.



"Good heavens! I forgot the bait."



DR. ALLEN B. STOWE

For 27 years Dr. Stowe has taught chemistry and tennis at Kalamazoo (Mich.) College, where the NCAA tournament was played last week. In his honor the USLTA's Junior Championships have been held at Kalamazoo since 1963.



WILLIAM C. LUFER

Another developer of youthful tennis stars, Lufler has coached the U. of Miami team to the remarkable eight-year record of 127 victories, one defeat and one tie. The Hurricanes now boast an undefeated string of 71 matches.



DON BUDGE

As part of a major effort to promote tennis among teen-agers, Budge (center) and SI's Bill Talbot (right, back to camera) have been visiting prep schools around the country. Above, they hold a clinic for 200 at the Hill School in Pottstown, Pa.



**This time of year...
and 52 times a year...
More than 600,000 families
lead the full life
with**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



©1978 W.T. CO.

"Kent" and "Micronite" are registered trademarks of W.T. CO.

If you smoke a lot...CHANGE TO KENT...CHANGE TO KENT

For a refreshing change, try Kent. It's the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter . . . the filter that gives you high filtration to help you keep your smoking moderate. And besides, the Micronite Filter smooths the flavor. With every puff, you get the full enjoyment of Kent's custom tobaccos. If you really like to smoke a lot, why not make that change to Kent? Better try a carton.



King Size
and Regular
length